

# P O E M S

O N

## Several Occasions.

---

By Mr. J O H N G A Y.

---

*His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimur, irascimur; describimus aliquid modò pressius, modò elatius: atque ipsâ varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. Plin. Epist.*

---

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Printed by J. POWELL,

*He*

For GEORGE RISK, at *Shakespear's Head*,  
GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel and Bible*, and  
WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*, Book-  
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P O E M S

Several Occasions.

THE NEW CHURCH

THE NEW CHURCH

THE NEW CHURCH  
in Darnley Street, M.D.C.C.XXX.



# P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.  
In Two VOLUMES.

---

By Mr. JOHN GAT.

---

VOL. I.

---

CONTAINING,

RURAL SPORTS.

The FAN.

The SHEPHERD'S  
WEEK.

} TRIVIA.  
The WHAT D'YE  
CALL IT, And  
} EPISTLES.

---

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RURAL



# RURAL SPORTS.

A

G E O R G I C:

INSCRIBED

To Mr. P O P E.

*Pandimus.*

— *Securi Prælia ruris*

*Nemesian.*



YOU, who the sweets of rural life have  
known,

Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;  
In *Windsor* groves your easie hours em-  
ploy,

And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.

*Thames* listens to thy strains, and silent flows, 5

And no rude wind through rustling oſiers blows,

While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,

To hear the *Syrens* warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest'd by Fortune's hand,

Nor brighten'd plough-shares in paternal land, 10  
B Long

## 2 RURAL SPORTS.

Long in the noisie town have been immur'd,  
 Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd,  
 Where news and politicks divide mankind,  
 And schemes of state involve th' uneasie mind;  
 Faction embroils the World; and ev'ry tongue 15  
 Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:  
 Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,  
 Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;  
 Each rival *Machiavel* with envy burns,  
 And honesty forsakes them all by turns; 20  
 While calumny upon each party's thrown,  
 Which both promote, and both alike disown.  
 Fatigu'd at last; a calm retreat I chose,  
 And sooth'd my harra's'd mind with sweet repose,  
 Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime, 25  
 Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.  
 My muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,  
 And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,  
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,  
 Frequented by the *Mantuan* swain, and you. 30  
 'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,  
 But all the grateful country breaths delight;  
 Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,  
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.  
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day, 35  
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,  
 Where I behold the farmer's early care,  
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,  
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground, 40  
 The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,  
 Shaving the surface of the waving green,  
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,  
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand:  
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows, 45  
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws;

But

# RURAL SPORTS. 3

But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,  
 Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,  
 His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,  
 And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake; 50  
 In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,  
 And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright *Phæbus* gains,  
 And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,  
 When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake, 55  
 And in the middle path-way basks the snake;  
 O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,  
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers:  
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,  
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines; 60  
 Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,  
 Where bord'ring hazle overhangs the streams  
 Whose rolling current winding round and round,  
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;  
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast, 65  
 And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the *Mantuan's* Georgic strains,  
 And learn the labours of *Italian* swains;  
 In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,  
 And all *Hesperia* opens to my eyes. 70  
 I wander o'er the various rural toil,  
 And know the nature of each different soil:  
 This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,  
 That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:  
 Here I survey the purple vintage grow, 75  
 Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:  
 Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,  
 And paw with restless hoof the smoaking ground:  
 The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,  
 While burning love ferments in every vein; 80  
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,  
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims:

# 4 RURAL SPORTS.

The careful insect 'midst his works I view,  
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew ;  
 With golden treasures load his little thighs, 85  
 And steer his distant journey through the skies ;  
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend ;  
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend ;  
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,  
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears. 90

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,  
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way ;  
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,  
 Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand ;  
 No warbling chears the woods ; the feather'd choir 95  
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire ;  
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,  
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;  
 Engag'd in thought, to *Neptune's* bounds I stray,  
 To take my farewell of the parting day ; 100  
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,  
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides ;  
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,  
 And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below :  
 Here pensive I behold the fading light, 105  
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,  
 And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies ;  
 Her borrow'd lustre growing *Cynthia* lends,  
 And on the main a glitt'ring path extends ; 110  
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,  
 Which round their suns their annual circles steer.  
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,  
 While I survey the works of providence.  
 O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse, 115  
 The glorious author of the universe,  
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,  
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,

My



# RURAL SPORTS. 5

My soul should overflow in songs of praise,  
And my Creator's name inspire my lays! 120

As in successive course the seasons roll,  
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.  
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,  
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,  
No swelling inundation hides the grounds, 125  
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;  
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,  
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,  
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,  
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams. 130

Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,  
And arm himself with ev'ry watry snare;  
His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,  
Encrease his tackle, and his rod retye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain, 135  
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,  
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,  
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;  
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,  
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies, 140  
The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,  
Whose rapid surface purles, unknown to weeds,  
Upon a rising border of the brook  
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;  
Now expectation cheers his eager thought, 145  
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,  
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,  
Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,  
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows; 150  
When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway  
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,  
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,  
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:

## 6 RURAL SPORTS.

Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line! 153  
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!  
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,  
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,  
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse; 160  
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size  
The trout abhors, and the rank morfel flies;  
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,  
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.  
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains, 165  
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:  
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,  
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;  
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,  
And from their bodies wipe their native Soil. 170

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,  
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,  
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,  
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.  
You now a more delusive art must try, 175  
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide  
All the gay hues that wait on female pride,  
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire  
The shining bellies of the fly require; 180  
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,  
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.  
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,  
And lends the growing insect proper wings:  
Silks of all colours must their aid impart, 185  
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.

So the gay lady, with expensive care,  
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;  
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,  
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays. 190

Mark

Mark well the various seasons of the year,  
 How the succeeding insect race appear;  
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,  
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.  
 Oft' have I seen a skilful angler try 195  
 The various colours of the treach'rous fly;  
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,  
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,  
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,  
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw; 200  
 When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)  
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;  
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,  
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size.  
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, 205  
 And on the back a speckled feather binds,  
 So just the colours shine through ev'ry part,  
 That nature seems to live again in art.  
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,  
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;  
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,  
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;  
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,  
 With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,  
 Against the stream now let it gently play, 215  
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.  
 The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear  
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;  
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,  
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220  
 When a brisk gale against the current blows,  
 And all the watry plain in wrinkles flows,  
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,  
 Where bubbling eddys favour the deceit:  
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy 225  
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,

# 8 RURAL SPORTS.

He lifts his silver gills above the flood,  
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;  
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,  
And bears with joy the little spoil away. 230

Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,  
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,  
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,  
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;  
And now again, impatient of the wound, 235

He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;  
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,  
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide;  
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,  
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art; 240

He views the tumbling Fish with longing eyes,  
While the line stretches with th' unweildy prize;  
Each motion humours with his steady hands,  
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;  
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength, 245

The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.  
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize  
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;  
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,  
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air: 250

Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,  
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?

Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;  
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores, 255  
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:  
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,  
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds  
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds  
Perplex the fisher; I, nor chuse to bear 261  
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;

Nor

pp John Rawdon  
RURAL SPORTS.

Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,  
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.  
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine, 265  
No blood of living insect stain my line;  
Let me less cruel cast the feather'd hook,  
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,  
Silent along the mazy margin stray,  
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey. 270

---

CANTO II.

J.R.

NOW, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,  
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.  
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,  
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;  
Should you the wide-encircling net display, 275  
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,  
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,  
And with the soale and turbet hide the sand;  
It would extend the growing theme too long,  
And tire the reader with the watry song. 280

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,  
Nor render all the Plowman's labour vain,  
When *Ceres* pours out plenty from her horn,  
And cloaths the fields with golden ears of corn.  
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair, 285  
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:  
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,  
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for silvan sport thy bosom glow,  
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. 290  
With what delight the rapid course I view!  
How does my eye the circling race pursue!

He



# TO RURAL SPORTS.

He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,  
 The suttie hare darts swift beneath his paws;  
 She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound 295  
 Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;  
 She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,  
 Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.  
 What various sport does rural life afford!  
 What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!  
 Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray, 301  
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.  
 Soon as the lab'ring horse with swelling veins,  
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,  
 To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies, 305  
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;  
 Wandring in plenty, danger he forgets,  
 Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.  
 The subtle dog scowrs with sagacious nose  
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows, 310  
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,  
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey;  
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,  
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear;  
 Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry, 315  
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)  
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,  
 Till in the snare the flut'ring covey rise.  
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,  
 And glancing *Phæbus* gilds the mountain's head, 320  
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,  
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:  
 Or when the sun casts a declining ray,  
 And drives his chariot down the western way,  
 Let your obsequious ranger search around, 325  
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:  
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,  
 But numerous coveys gratifie thy pain.

When:



When the meridian sun contracts the shade ,  
 And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade; 330  
 Or when the country floats with sudden rains,  
 Or driving mists deface the moist'ned plains;  
 In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,  
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear, 335  
 But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.

See how the well-taught pointer leads the way :  
 The scent grows warm ; he stops ; he springs the prey ;  
 The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,  
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies ; 340  
 The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain sight,  
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.

Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand  
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land ;  
 Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take, 345

Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake ;  
 Not closest coverts can protect the game :  
 Hark ! the dog opens ; take thy certain aim ;  
 The woodcock flutters ; how he wav'ring flies !  
 The wood resounds : he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing, 350  
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing :  
 Let them on high the frightened hern survey,  
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.

Nor shall the mounting lark the muse detain, 355  
 That greets the morning with his early strain ;  
 When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays ;  
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays,  
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze,  
 Pride lures the little warbler from the skies : 360  
 The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains ;  
 The hound must open in these rural strains.

Soon

## 12 RURAL SPORTS.

Soon as *Aurora* drives away the night,  
 And edges eastern clouds with roſie light, 365  
 The healthy huntsman, with the chearful horn,  
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;  
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,  
 They rouse from ſleep, and answer ſounds for ſounds;  
 Wide through the furzy field their route they take, 370  
 Their bleeding boſoms force the thorny brake:  
 The flying game their ſmoaking noſtrils trace,  
 No bounding hedge obſtructs their eager pace;  
 The diſtant mountains eecho from afar,  
 And hanging woods reſound the flying war: 375  
 The tuneful noiſe the ſprightly courſer hears,  
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;  
 The ſlacken'd rein now gives him all his ſpeed,  
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the ſteed;  
 Hills, dales and foreſts far behind remain, 380  
 While the warm ſcent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.  
 Where ſhall the trembling hare a ſhelter find?  
 Hark! death advances in each gult of wind!  
 New ſtratagems and doubling wiles ſhe tries,  
 Now circling turns, and now at large ſhe flies; 385  
 Till ſpent at laſt, ſhe pants, and heaves for breath,  
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.  
 But ſtay, advent'rous muſe, haſt thou the force  
 To wind the twiſted horn, to guide the horſe?  
 To keep thy ſeat unmov'd haſt thou the ſkill 390  
 O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?  
 Canſt thou the ſtag's laborious chace direct,  
 Or the ſtrong fox through all his arts detect?  
 The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:  
 Ye mighty hunters, ſpare this weak eſſay. 395  
 Oh happy plains, remote from war's alarms,  
 And all the ravages of hoſtile arms!  
 And happy ſhepherds, who ſecure from fear,  
 On open downs preſerve your fleecy care!

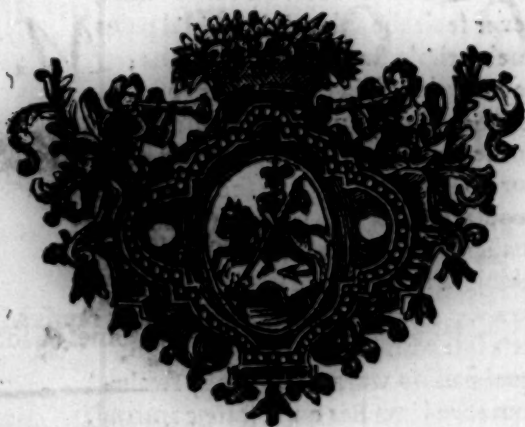
Whoſe

Whose spacious barns groan with increas'ing store, 400  
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:  
 No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,  
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;  
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,  
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain: 405  
 No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,  
 The dreadful signal of invasive war;  
 No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,  
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends, 410  
 In chearful labour while each day she spends!  
 She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent,  
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:  
 (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame  
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame) 415  
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,  
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;  
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,  
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;  
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies, 420  
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs:  
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,  
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:  
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,  
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs. 425  
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,  
 An equal passion warms her happy swain;  
 No homebred jars her quiet state controul,  
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;  
 With secret joy she sees her little race 430  
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;  
 The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,  
 Or from the spindle draw the lengthning wool:  
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,  
 Till age the latest thread of Life unwind. 435

## 14 RURAL SPORTS.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,  
The kind rewarders of industrious life;  
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove;  
Alike indulgent to the muse and love;  
Ye murm'ring streams that in *Meanders* roll, 440  
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,  
Farewel. ——— The city calls me from your bow'rs:  
Farewel amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.



THE



T H E  
F A N.  
A  
P O E M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἰνθά δὲ θελὼν ἱέρια πάντα τέτυκτο  
Ἐνθα ἐνὶ μὲν Φιλότῃς, ἐν δ' ἡμερὸς, ἐν δ' ὀαριζῶς,  
Πάρφασις ἦτ' ἔκλεψε νόον τύκτα περ φρονεόντων  
Τὸν βᾶ δὲ ἔμελλε χερσὶν.

Homer Iliad. 14.

BOOK I.



Sing that graceful toy, whose waving  
play

With gentle gales relieves the sultry day.  
Not the wide fan by *Persian* dames dis-  
play'd,

Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade ;

Not

Nor that long known in *China's* artful land,  
 Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:  
 Nor shall the muse in *Asian* climates rove,  
 To seek in *Indestan* some spicy grove,  
 Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,  
 To shun the fervor of meridian skies,  
 While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,  
 And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;  
 No busie gnats her pleasing dreams molest,  
 Inffame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,  
 But artificial Zephyrs round her fly,  
 And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall *Bermudas* long the muse detain,  
 Whose fragrant forests bloom in *Waller's* strain,  
 Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,  
 And the wild woods with golden apples bend;  
 Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,  
 Whilst in my verse the fair *Palmetto* grows:  
 Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,  
 From the broad top depending branches spread;  
 No knotty limbs the taper body bears,  
 Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,  
 Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,  
 Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,  
 But as the seasons in their circle run,  
 Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun:  
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,  
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring mule, nor rove in foreign climes,  
 To thy own native shore confine thy rhimes.  
 Assist, ye Nine, your lofliest notes employ,  
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;  
 Say how this instrument of love began,  
 And in immortal strains display the fan.

*Strephon* had long confess'd his am'rous pain,  
 Which gay *Corrinna* railly'd with disdain:

Some-



Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,  
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;  
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,  
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhim'd, he danc'd:  
 Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid, 45  
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;  
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,  
 The surest charm to bind the force of pride:  
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,  
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame. 50

When *Strephon* saw his vows dispers'd in air,  
 He sought in solitude to lose his care;  
 Relief in solitude he sought in vain,  
 It serv'd, like musick, but to feed his pain.  
 To *Venus* now the slighted Boy complains, 55  
 And calls the Goddess in these tender strains.

O potent Queen, from *Neptune's* empire sprung,  
 Whose glorious birth admiring *Nereids* sung,  
 Who 'midst the fragrant plains of *Cyprus* rove,  
 Whose radiant presence gilds the *Paphian* grove, 60  
 Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,  
 And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;  
 O beauteous Goddess, teach me how to move,  
 Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.  
 If lost *Adonis* e'er thy bosom warm'd, 65  
 If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,  
 Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,  
 Think on the restless feaver of thy heart;  
 Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain:  
 By those uneasie minutes know my pain. 70  
 Ev'n while *Cydippe* to *Diana* bows,  
 And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,  
 The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;  
 She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:  
 Oh, may my flame, like thine, *Acontious*, prove, 75  
 May *Venus* dictate, and reward my love.

When crowds of suitors *Atalanta* try'd,  
 She wealth, and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;  
 Each daring lover with advent'rous pace  
 Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race; 80  
 Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,  
 Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.

*Hippomenes*, O *Venus*, was thy care,  
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair,  
 Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes, 85  
 She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.  
 Say, *Cyprian Deity*, what gift, what art,  
 Shall humble into love *Corinna's* heart;  
 If only some bright toy can charm her sight,  
 Teach me what present may suspend her flight. 90  
 Thus the desponding youth his flame declares.  
 The Goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in *Cythera* stands a spacious grove,  
 Sacred to *Venus* and the God of love;  
 Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95  
 Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;  
 Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,  
 And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;  
 Deep in the goomy glade a grotto bends,  
 Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends, 100  
 The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,  
 And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busie *Cupids* with pernicious art,  
 Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;  
 All snare the toil; while some the bellows ply, 105  
 Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:  
 Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,  
 Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;  
 Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,  
 And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs;  
 Here the loud hammer fashions female toys,

Hence

Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,  
 Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;  
 Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 115  
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame.  
 Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,  
 To which soft lovers adoration pay;  
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,  
 That with quick scents revives the modish spleen: 120  
 Here the yet rude unjoynted snuff-box lyes,  
 Which serves the railly'd fop for smart replies,  
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,  
 The future records of the lover's flames;  
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found, 125  
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.  
 There stands the *Toilette*, nursery of charms,  
 Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;  
 The patch, the powder-box, pulvile, perfumes,  
 Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead combs. 130

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,  
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide;  
 From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,  
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.  
 Thus when *Semiramis*, in ancient days, 135  
 Bad *Babylon* her mighty bulwarks raise  
 A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend:  
 Here pullies make the pond'rous oak ascend,  
 With ecchoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,  
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones; 140  
 The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,  
 Till the proud battlements her tow'rs enclose.

Now *Venus* mounts her car, she shakes the reins,  
 And steers her turtles to *Cythera's* plains;  
 Strait to the grott with graceful step she goes, 145  
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows:  
 The swelling billows heave for breath no more,  
 All drop their silent hammers on the floor;

In deep suspence the mighty labour stands, 150  
While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious *Loves*, your present toils forbear,  
A more important task demands your care ;  
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful Mind,  
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.  
That glorious Bird have you not often seen 155

Who draws the car of the celestial Queen ?  
Have you not oft survey'd his varying dyes,  
Histail all gilded o'er with *Argus'* eyes ?  
Have you not seen him in the sunny day  
Unfurle his plumes, and all his pride display, 160

Then suddenly contract his dazling train,  
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain ?  
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art ;  
Thin taper sticks must from one center part :  
Let these into the quadrant's form divide, 165

The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide ;  
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,  
And make a miniature creation grow.  
Let the machine in equal foldings close,  
And now its plaited surface wide dispose. 170

So shall the fair her idle hand employ,  
And grace each motion with the restless toy,  
With various play bid grateful *Zephyrs* rise,  
While love in ev'ry grateful *Zephyr* flies.

The master *Cupid* traces out the lines, 175  
And with judicious Hand the draught designs,  
Th' expecting *Loves* with joy the model view,  
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.

Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,  
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart ; 180  
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,  
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire ;  
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,  
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame :

Of

Of this, the little pin they neatly mold, 185  
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;  
 In equal plates they now the paper bend,  
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend,  
 Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,  
 And finish instantly the new machine. 190

The Goddess pleas'd, the curious work receives,  
 Remounts her charriot, and the Grotto leaves;  
 With the light fan she moves the yielding air,  
 And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair,  
 Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand, 195  
 When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?  
 In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,  
 When eyes were artless, and the look demure,  
 When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,  
 And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd, 200  
 When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,  
 E'er black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair;  
 Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,  
 Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the Sex improv'd in am'rous arts, 205  
 What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,  
 And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,  
 At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,  
 Or scent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew; 210  
 In the bright air the dreadful fauchion shone,  
 Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.  
 Now men those less destructive arms despise,  
 Wide-wasteful death from thundering cannon flies,  
 One hour with more battalions strows the plain, 215  
 Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.  
 So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,  
 Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.  
 The bosom now its panting beauties shows,  
 Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws, 220

Now



Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,  
 And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;  
 The fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires  
 A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.  
 The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows, 225  
 Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unwearied wing  
 Trace varying habits upward to their spring!  
 What force of thought, what numbers can express,  
 Th' inconstant equipage of female dress? 230  
 How the strait stays the slender waste constrain,  
 How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train?  
 What fancy can the petticoat surround,  
 With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?  
 But stay, presumptuous Muse, nor boldly dare 235  
 The *Toilet's* sacred Mysteries declare;  
 Let a just distance be to beauty paid;  
 None here must enter but the trusty maid.  
 Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,  
 And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse; 240  
 Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,  
 Where rising flow'rs grow stiff with frosted gold,  
 The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,  
 And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

---

 B O O K II.
 

---

O *Lympos* gates unfold; in heav'n's high towers  
 Appear in council all th' immortal Powers;  
 Great *Jove* above the rest exalted fate,  
 And in his mind resolv'd succeeding fate,  
 His awful eye with ray superiour shone,  
 The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne,  
 On silver clouds the great assembly laid,  
 The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But



But see, fair *Venus* comes in all her state;  
 The wanton *Loves* and *Graces* round her wait; 10  
 With her loose robe officious *Zephyrs* play,  
 And strow with odoriferous flowers the way,  
 In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring fan;  
 And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled Powers, who fickle mortals guide, 15  
 Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,  
 Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,  
 Who pour your bounties on the world below;  
*Bacchus* first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,  
 And taught the grape to stream with gen'rous wine; 20  
*Industrious Ceres* tam'd the savage ground,  
 And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;  
*Flora* with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,  
 And fruitful autumn is *Pomona's* care.  
 I first taught woman to subdue mankind, 25  
 And all her native charms with dress refin'd:  
 Celestial Synod, this machine survey,  
 That shades the face, or bids cool *Zephyrs* play;  
 If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,  
 With this she veils them from her lover's eyes; 30  
 No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,  
 From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.  
 The royal scepter shines in *Juno's* hand,  
 And twist'd thunder speaks great *Jove's* command;  
 On *Pallas'* arm the *Gorgon* shield appears,  
 And *Nepton's* mighty grasp the trident bears;  
*Ceres* is with the bending sickle seen, 35  
 And the strung bow points out the *Cynthia* Queen;  
 Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,  
 The waving fan supply the scepter's place,  
 Who shall, ye Powers, the forming pencil hold?  
 What story shall the wide machine unfold?  
 Let *Loves* and *Graces* lead the dance arround,  
 With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;  
 Let

Let *Cupid's* arrows strow the smiling plains:  
 With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains:  
 May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,  
 To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

*Diana* rose; with silver crescent crown'd,  
 And fixt her modest Eyes upon the ground;  
 Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,  
 And thus with graceful voice the virgin said,

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,  
 The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?  
 Does man against her charms too pow'rful prove,

Or are the Sex grown novices in love?  
 Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,  
 From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize?

No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,  
 And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows;  
 Since blushes then from shame alone arise,  
 Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?

Let *Cupid* rather give up his command,  
 And trust his arrows in a female hand.  
 Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride,  
 And woman with destructive arms supply'd?

*Neptune* on her bestows his choicest stores,  
 For her the chambers of the deep explores;  
 The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,  
 And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:

*Plutus* for her bids earth its wealth unfold,  
 Where the warm oar is ripen'd into gold;  
 Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,  
 Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.

Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear,  
 Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?  
 From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,  
 And imitates the lightning of her eyes.

But yet if *Venus'* wishes must succeed,  
 And this fantastick engine be decreed,

45

50

55

60

65

70

75

80

May

May some chaste story from the pencil flow,  
To speak the virgin's joy, and *Hymen's* woe.

Here let the wretched *Ariadne* stand,  
Seduc'd by *Theseus* to some desert land,  
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind, 85  
The chrystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;  
The perjur'd youth unfurles his treach'rous sails,  
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.  
Be still, ye winds, she cries, stay, *Theseus*, stay;  
But faithless *Theseus* hears no more than they. 90  
All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,  
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;  
His less'ning vessel plows the foamy main,  
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint *Dido* there amidst her last distress, 95  
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:  
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,  
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;  
Her sister *Anna* hov'ring o'er her stands,  
Accuses heav'n with lifted eyes and hands, 100  
Upbraids the *Trojan* with repeated cries,  
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.  
View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe;  
They're *Trojans* all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw *OEnone* in the lonely grove, 105  
Where *Paris* first betray'd her into love;  
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,  
Which the false youth wove for *OEnone's* brow,  
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,  
And like their odours all his vows are fled; 110  
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,  
And *Xanthus*' waves with mournful look surveys;  
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,  
When thus he swore and won the yielding dame:  
These streams shall sooner to their fountain move, 115  
Than I forget my dear *OEnone's* love.

Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,  
*Paris* is false, *OEnone* is undone.

Ah wretched maid! think how the moments flew,  
 E'er you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew, 120  
 When groves could please, and when you lov'd the plain,  
 Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,  
 In his true colours view perfidious man,  
 Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove, 125  
 And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The Goddess ended. Merry *Mamus* rose,  
 With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,  
 Then with a noisie laugh forestals his joke,  
 Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke. 130

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,  
 And by your own examples teach the fair.  
 Let chaste *Diana* on the piece be seen,  
 And the bright crescent own the *Cynthia* Queen;  
 On *Latmos'* top see young *Endymion* lies, 135  
 Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes,  
 See, to his soft embraces how she steals,  
 And on his lips her warm caresses seals;  
 No more her hand the glitt'ring Jav'lin holds,  
 But round his neck her eager arms she folds. 140

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?  
 Virg'ns are virgins still—— while 'tis unknown.  
 Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,  
 Where meeting beeches weave a grateful shade,  
 Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace, 145  
 And glowing expectation paints her face,  
 O'er her fair limbs a thin loo'e veil is spread,  
 Stand off, ye shepherds; fear *Acteon's* head;  
 Let vig'rous *Pan* th' unguarded minute seize,  
 And in a shaggy coat the virgin plea'e. 150

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?  
 Virgins are virgins still—— while 'tis unknown.

There

There with just warmth *Aurora's* passion trace,  
 Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;  
 See *Cephalus* her wanton airs despise, 155  
 While she provokes him with desiring eyes;  
 To raise his passion she displays her charms,  
 His modest hand upon her bosom warms;  
 Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart persuade,  
 But with disdain he quits the rosie maid. 160

Here let dissolving *Leda* grace the toy,  
 Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;  
 Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,  
 While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.  
 There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its pow'r, 165  
 And soften *Danae* in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,  
 Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,  
 On the machine the sage *Minerva* place,  
 With lineaments of wisdom mark her face; 170  
 See, where she lies near some transparent flood,  
 And with her pipe hears the resounding wood:  
 Her image in the floating glass she spies,  
 Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;  
 She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 175  
 Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.  
 With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,  
 What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains farewell.  
 Shall arts, shall sciences employ the fair?  
 Those trifles are beneath *Minerva's* care. 180

From *Venus* let her learn the married life,  
 And all the virtuous duties of a wife,  
 Here on a couch extend the *Cyprian* dame,  
 Let her eye sparkle with the growing flame;  
 The God of war within her clinging arms, 185  
 Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.  
 Paint limping *Vulcan* with a husband's care,  
 And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;



Beneath the net the captive lover's place,  
 Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.  
 Let these amours adorn the new machine,  
 And female nature on the piece be seen;  
 So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,  
 Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

190

---

 B O O K III.
 

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**T**HUS *Momus* spoke. When sage *Minerva* rose,  
 From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,  
 Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,  
 Where shining colours were in order plac'd,  
 As Gods are bless'd with a superior skill,  
 And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,  
 Strait she proposes, by her art divine,  
 To bid the paint express her great design.  
 Th' assembled Pow'rs consent. She now began,  
 And her creating pencil stain'd the fan. 10

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,  
 Tow'rs rear their Heads, and distant mountains grow;  
 Life seems to move within the glowing veins,  
 And in each face some lively passion reigns.  
 Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear, 15  
 Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air  
 In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass  
 Through the small circle of a convex glass;  
 On the white sheet the moving figures rise,  
 The forest waves, clouds float along the skies, 20  
 She various fables on the piece design'd,  
 That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of pride in *Niobe* she drew:  
 Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue.  
 In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood, 25  
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;

Upon



Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,  
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;  
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,  
 Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround : 30  
 She made *Latona's* altars cease to flame,  
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name;  
 To her own charms she bad fresh incense rise,  
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.  
 Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loyns were born, 35  
 Sev'n graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,  
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,  
 Were by *Latona's* double offspring slain.  
 Here *Phæbus* his unerring arrow drew,  
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw, 40  
 His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,  
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.  
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,  
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,  
*Diana's* arrow joins them face to face, 45  
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.  
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;  
 When heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.  
 This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,  
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies. 50  
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,  
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :  
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,  
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes,  
 The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear, 55  
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,  
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;  
 Some with their tresses stopp'd the gushing blood,  
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,  
 And in the pious action share their fate. 60  
 Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,  
 With her wide robe protects her only care,

To save her only care in vain she tries,  
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.  
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 69  
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,  
 Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,  
 The plain all purple with her children's blood;  
 She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair  
 In easie ringlets wantons in the air; 70  
 Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,  
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;  
 All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,  
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display, 75  
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey;  
 Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,  
 And in celestial similies adore,  
 Though from your features *Cupid* borrows arms,  
 And Goddesses confess inferior charms, 80  
 Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,  
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours *Procris*' passion tell,  
 Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.  
 Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85  
 Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;  
 Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,  
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.  
 What guilt, what horror on his face appears!  
 See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears, 90  
 With agony his wringing hands he strains,  
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives; bid vain suspicion cease,  
 Lose not in sullen discontent your peace.  
 For when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95  
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,  
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,  
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There

There on the piece the *Volsian* Queen expir'd,  
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd; 100  
 Gay *Chloëus*' arms attract her longing eyes,  
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;  
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,  
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;  
 Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground 105  
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.  
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,  
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,  
 Where the top's fancy in embroidery plays; 110  
 His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,  
 And his bright sword-knot lure her wand'ring eyes;  
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,  
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young *Narcissus* o'er the fountain stood, 115  
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood;  
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,  
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.  
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,  
*Eccho* in vain the flying boy pursu'd, 120  
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires;  
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires:  
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,  
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,  
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows, 125  
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain *Narcissus* warn each female breast,  
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.  
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,  
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair. 130  
 Oh *Araminta*, cease thy wonted pride,  
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;  
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,  
 Their lustre and thy rosiè colour flies! 135

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,  
 And all the powers applaud the wise design.  
 The *Cyprian* Queen the painted gift receives,  
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.  
 To the low world she bends her steepy way,  
 Where *Strephon* pass'd the solitary day; 140

She found him in a melancholy grove,  
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,  
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,  
 And ev'ry tree bore false *Corinna's* name;  
 In a cool shade he lay with folded arms, 145  
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,  
 When *Venus* to his wond'ring eyes appears,  
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,  
 Whose ratt'ling sticks my busie fingers sway, 150  
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,  
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,  
 And various fashions learn from various lands.  
 For this, shall elephants their ivory shed; 155  
 And polish'd sticks the waving engines spread;  
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,  
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.  
 On this shall *Indians* all their art employ,  
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy; 160  
 Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,  
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show.  
 So shall the *British* fair their minds improve,  
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.  
 Here *China's* ladies shall their pride display, 165  
 And silver figures gild their loose array;  
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;  
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:  
 Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,  
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170

The

The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,  
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies;  
 This shall in temples the shy maid conceal,  
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.  
 Gay *France* shall make the fan her artist's care, 175  
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.  
 As learned Orators that touch the heart,  
 With various action raise their soothing art,  
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,  
 And humour each expression of the tongue. 180  
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,  
 From noisie anger to the sullen spleen.

While *Venus* spoke, joy shone in *Strephon's* eyes,  
 Proud of the gift, he to *Corinna* flies.  
 But *Cupid* (who delights in am'rous ill, 185  
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)  
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,  
 Which to *Leander's* panting bosom flew:  
*Leander* lov'd; and to the sprightly dame  
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame; 190  
 Sweet smiles *Corinna* to his sighs returns,  
 And for the sop in equal passion burns.

Lo *Strephon* comes! and with a suppliant bow,  
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.  
 When she the fate of *Niobe* beheld, 195  
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?  
 She sighing cry'd: Disdain forsook her breast,  
 And *Strephon* now was thought a worthy guest.

In *Procris's* bosom when she saw the dart;  
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart, 200  
 Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,  
 And knows her *Strephon's* constancy sincere.

When on *Camilla's* fate her eye she turns,  
 No more for show and equipage she burns;  
 She learns *Leander's* passion to despise, 205  
 And looks on merit with discerning eyes.



*Narcissus*' change to the vain virgin shows,  
 Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.  
 Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,  
 Love then, ye virgins, e'er the blossom dies. 210

Thus *Pallas* taught her. *Strophon* weds the dame,  
 And *Hymen*'s torch diffus'd the brightest flame.



THE



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THE  
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.  
IN  
SIX PASTORALS.

-----*Libeat mihi sordida rura,  
Atque humiles habitare casas.*----- Virg.

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[illegible]



T H E  
P R O E M E  
To the Courteous  
R E A D E R.



**G**R E A T marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily to diverse worthy wits, that in this our Island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of Poesie highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays (hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travelling in this plain high-way of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a British Poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they  
would

## The P R O E M E.

would confine Pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account  
nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instilled Golden,  
as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) un-  
to that ancient Dorick Shepherd Theocritus, or his mates,  
was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll,  
maketh his louts give soul language, and behold their goats  
at rut in all simplicity.

Ἄπόλος ἔκκ' ἔσσορῃ τὰς μυκάδας οἷα βασιύυτα  
Ταυεται ὀφθαλμῶς ὅτι ἔ' τράγος αὐτ' ἔγεντο.      Theoc.

Verily, as little pleasure receiveth a true homelbred tast,  
from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Go-  
thic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court  
clowns, or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them right-  
ly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his  
country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this  
motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk,  
such as be now tenants to the Burgessees of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before  
thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively land scape of thy  
own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a  
walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister  
Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the aire,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
The smell of grain or tedded grasse or kine  
Or dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly pipinꝝ on oaten  
reeds, but milking the kine, rying up the sheaves, or if the  
hogs

## The PROEME.

*hogs are astray driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spencer well observeth.*

Well is known that since the Saxon King  
Never was wolf seen, many or some  
Nor in all Kent nor in christendom.

*For as much, as I have mentioned maister Spencer, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the shepherd's calendar, and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of maister Spencer's Eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein, nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.*

*That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if*

## The P R O E M E.

*I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present; too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language, I seem unto myself, as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.*

*But here again, much comfort ariseth in me; from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time that some lover of Simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine Eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.*

*Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of*

*thy Loving Countryman,*

JOHN GAY.

P R O

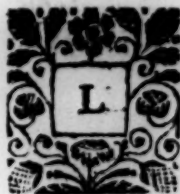




# PROLOGUE

To the Right Honourable the

*Lord Viscount* BOLINBROKE.



O, I who erst beneath a tree  
Sung *Bumkinet* and *Bowzybee*,  
And *Blouzelind* and *Marian* bright,  
In apron blue or apron white,  
Now write my sonnets in a book,  
For my good lord of *Bolinbroke*.

As lads and lasses stood around  
To hear my boxen haut-boy sound,  
Our *Clerk* came posting o'er the green  
With doleful tidings of the *Queen*;  
That *Queen*, he said, to whom we owe  
Sweet *Peace* that *maketh* riches flow;  
That *Queen* who eas'd our tax of late,  
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was *Cic'ly* seen  
*Buxoma* tore her pinners clean,

E

In

## P R O L O G U E.

In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,  
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death  
Had snatch'd *Queen A N N E* to *Elizabeth*,  
I broke my reed, and sighing swore  
I'd weep for *Blouzelind* no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,  
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,  
Full soon by bonafire and by bell  
We learnt our Liege was passing well.

A skilful leach (so God him speed)  
They said had wrought this blessed deed,  
This leach *Arbushnot* was yclept,  
Who many a night not once had slept;  
But watch'd our gracious Sov'raign still:  
For who could rest when she was ill?  
Oh, mayst thou henceforth sweetly sleep!  
Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep  
To swell his couch; for well I ween,  
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hie with glee  
To court, this *Arbushnot* to see.

I sold my sheep and lambkins too,  
For silver loops and garment blue:  
My boxen haut-boy sweet of sound,  
For lace that edg'd mine hat around,  
For *Lightfoot* and my scrip I got  
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,  
Of soldier's drum withouten dread;  
For Peace allays the shepherd's fear  
Of wearing cap of Granadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row  
Before their Queen in seemly show.  
No more I'll sing *Buxoma* brown,  
Like goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown;

## P R O L O G U E.

Nor *Clumfilis*, nor *Marian* bright,  
 Nor damsel that *Hobnelia* hight.  
 But *Lansdown* fresh as flow'r of *May*,  
 And *Berkely* lady blithe and gay,  
 And *Anglesey* whose speech exceeds  
 The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;  
 And blooming *Hyde*, with eyes so rare,  
 And *Montague* beyond compare.  
 Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint  
 In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen  
 In ribbon blue and ribbon green.  
 As *Oxford*, who a wand doth bear,  
 Like *Moses*, in our Bibles fair,  
 Who for our traffick forms designs,  
 And gives to *Britain* Indian mines.  
 Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,  
 Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,  
 Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,  
 And bid broad-cloths and serges grow,  
 For trading free shall thrive again,  
 Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I *St. John*, sweet of mien,  
 Full stedfast both to Church and Queen.  
 With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,  
*St. John*, right courteous to the swain;

For thus he told me on a day,  
 Trim are thy sonnets, gentle *Gay*,  
 And certes, mirth it were to see  
 Thy joyous madrigals twice three,  
 With preface meet, and notes profound,  
 Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.  
 All suddenly then home I sped,  
 And did ev'n as my Lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine Eclogues fair,  
 But let not these detain thine ear.

Let

## PROLOGUE.

Let not th' affairs of States and Kings  
Wait, while our *Bowzybens* sings.  
Rather than verse of simple swain  
Should stay the trade of *France* or *Spain*,  
Or for the plaint of Parson's maid,  
Yon' Emp'ror's packets be delay'd,  
In sooth, I swear by holy *Paul*,  
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.



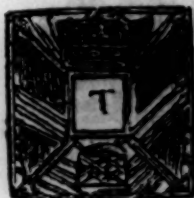
MON-



# MONDAY: OR, THE SQUABBLE.

*Lobbin-Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.*

## LOBBIN-CLOUT.



HY younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just  
awake,  
No thrushes shrill the bramble-bush  
forsake,  
No chirping lark the welkin sheen in-  
vokes,  
No damsel yet the swelling udder  
strokes;

O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear, 5  
Then why does *Cuddy* leave his cott so rear?

Line 3. *Welkin the same as Welken, an old Saxon word  
signifying a Cloud; by poetical licence it is fre-  
quently taken for the Element or Sky, as may  
appear by this verse in the Dream of Chaucer.  
Ne in all the Welkin was no Cloud.*

*Sheen or Shine, an old word for shining or bright.*

5. *Scant, used in ancient British authors for scarce.*

6. *Rear, an expression in several counties of England,  
for early in the morning.*

CUDDY.

# 46 FIRST PASTORAL.

## C U D D Y.

Ah *Lobbin Clout*! I ween, my plight is guesst,  
 For *he that loves, a stranger is to rest*;  
 If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,  
 And *Blouzelinda's* mistress of thy heart. 10  
 This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,  
 Those arms are folded for thy *Blouzelind*.  
 And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,  
 Thee *Blouzelinda* smites, *Buxoma* me.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

Ah *Blouzelind*! I love thee more by half, 15  
 Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:  
 Woe worth the tongue! may blisters fore it gall,  
 That names *Buxoma*, *Blouzelind* withal.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

Hold, witless *Lobbin Clout*, I thee advise,  
 Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20  
 Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithsome swain,  
 The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!  
 From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the skies,  
 To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.  
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25  
 When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue;  
 He first that useful secret did explain,  
 That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.  
 When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,  
 He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30  
 Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearse,  
 And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.  
 I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,  
 That *Cloddipole* shall give the prize to me.

Line 7. To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

25. Erst, a contraction of ere this, it signifies sometime ago or formerly.

C U D D Y



# The SQUABBLE.

47

## C U D D Y.

See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with hair, 35  
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow deer.  
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,  
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

## C U D D Y.

Begin thy carrols then, thou vaunting slouch,  
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blithest lass,  
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.  
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,  
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows,  
Fair is the gillyflow'r, of gardens sweet, 45  
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet.  
But *Blouzelind*'s than gillyflow'r more fair,  
Than daisie, marygold, or king-cup rare.

## C U D D Y.

My brown *Buxoma* is the featest maid,  
That e'er at Wake delightfome gambol play'd. 50  
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,  
And like the goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown.  
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,  
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,  
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55  
And my cur *Tray* play dearest feats around:  
But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor *Tray*,  
Dance like *Buxoma* on the first of *May*.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouzelind* is near,  
Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year. 60  
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;  
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.  
Come *Blouzelinda*, ease thy swain's desire,  
My summer's shadow and my winter's fire!

Line 56. Deft, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

## C U D D Y.

# 48 FIRST PASTORAL.

## C U D D Y.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay, 65  
 Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;  
 And holidays, if haply she were gone,  
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.  
 Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,  
 And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

As *Blouzelinda* in a gamesome mood,  
 Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,  
 I sily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,  
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.  
 Believe me, *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to say, 75  
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

## C U D D Y.

As my *Buxoma* in a morning fair,  
 With gentle finger stroak'd her milky care,  
 I queintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true  
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80  
*Lobbin*, I swear, believe who will my vows,  
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

Line 69. *Eftsoons* from *eft* an ancient British word signi-  
 fying soon. So that *eftsoons* is a doubling of  
 the word *soon*, which is, as it were, to say  
 twice soon, or very soon.

79. *Queint* has various significations in the ancient  
 English authors. I have used it in this place  
 in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his  
 Miller's Tale. As Clerkes been full subtle  
 and queint, (by which he means arch or  
 waggish) and not in that obscene sense where-  
 in he useth it in the line immediately following.

L O B B I N

*The SQUABBLE.* 49

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* butter's dear,  
Of *Irish* swains potatoe is the chear;  
Oats for their feasts, the *Scottish* shepherds grind, 85  
Sweet turnips are the food of *Blouzelind*.  
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,  
Nor leeks nor oatmeal nor potatoe prize.

C U D D Y.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife;  
The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90  
Pudding our Parson eats, the Squire loves hare,  
But white-pot thick is my *Buxoma's* fare.  
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,  
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *Blindman's-buff*, it hapt 95  
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.  
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on *Blouzelind*;  
True speaks that ancient proverb, *Love is blind*.

C U D D Y.

As at *Hot-Cockles* once I laid me down,  
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown, 100  
*Buxoma* gave a gentle tap, and I  
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms, the slacken'd cord I hung,  
Now high, now low my *Blouzelinda* twung.  
With the rude wind her rump'd garment rose, 105  
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,  
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid,

83. *Populus Alcide gratissima, vitis Iaccho,*  
*Formosa Myrtus Veneri, sua Laurea Phæbo.*  
*Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,*  
*Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phæbi, &c.* Virg.  
F High

50. FIRST PASTORAL.

High leapt the plank ; a down *Buxoma* fell ;  
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou canst, explain,  
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain.  
\* *What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,*  
*The richest metal joined with the same ?*

CUDDY.

Answer, thou *Carle*, and judge this riddle right, 115  
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.  
‡ *What flower is that which royal honour craves,*  
*Adjoin the Virgin, and 'tis strown on graves.*

GLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,  
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120  
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,  
And gild the thatch of goodman *Hodges'* barn.  
Your herds for want of water stand adry,  
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

\* *Marygold.*

Line 117. *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum*  
*Nascentur Flores.* Virg. ‡ *Rosemary*

120. *Et vitula tu dignus & hic.* Virg.



TUES-

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Nor



T U E S D A Y;  
O R, T H E  
D I T T Y.

M A R I A N.



YOUNG *Golin Clout*, a lad of peerless  
meed,  
Full well could dance, and deftly tune  
the reed;  
In ev'ry wood his carrols sweet were  
known,

At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown,  
When in the ring the rustick routs he threw, 5  
The damsels pleasures with his conquests grew;  
Or when aslant the cudgel threatens his head,  
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,  
But chief of *Marian*. *Marian* lov'd the swain,  
The Parson's-maid, and neatest of the plain. 10  
*Marian* that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,  
Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow;  
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,  
And yellow butter *Marian's* skill confess'd;  
But *Marian* now devoid of country cares, 15  
Nor yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares.

## 52 SECOND PASTORAL.

For yearning love the witleſs maid employs,  
And *Love*, ſay ſwains, all buſie heed deſtroys.  
*Colin* makes mock at all her piteous ſmart,  
Alaſs that *Cic'ly* hight, had won his heart,  
*Cic'ly* the weſtern laſs that tends the kee,  
The rival of the Parſon's maid was ſhe.  
In dreary ſhade no *Marian* lyes along,  
And mixt with ſighs thus wails in plaining ſong.

Ah woful day! ah woful noon and morn!  
When firſt by thee my younglings white were ſhorn,  
Then firſt, I ween, I caſt a lover's eye,  
My ſheep were ſilly, but more ſilly I.  
Beneath the ſhears they felt no laſting ſmart,  
They loſt but fleeces while I loſt a heart.

Ah *Colin*! canſt thou leave thy Sweetheart true!  
What I have done for thee will *Cic'ly* do?  
Will ſhe thy linnen waſh or hoſen darn,  
And knit thee gloves made of her own-ſpun yarn?  
Will ſhe with huſwife's hand provide thy meat,  
And ev'ry *Sunday* morn thy neckcloath plait?  
Which o'er thy kerſey doublet ſpreading wide,  
In ſervice-time drew *Cic'ly*'s eyes aſide.

Where-e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,  
My new diſaſters in my look appear.  
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,  
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;  
Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk  
Of aſhes, leather, oatmeal, bran and chalk;  
Unwittingly of *Marian* they divine,  
And wiſt not that with thoughtful love I pine.  
Yet *Colin Clout*, untoward ſhepherd ſwain,  
Walks whiſtling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas *Marian*'s dear delight  
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.

21. *Kee*, a *West-Country Word* for *Kine* or *Cows*.



If in the soil you guide the crooked share,  
 Your early breakfast is my constant care.  
 And when with even hand you strow the grain;  
 I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.  
 In misling days when I my thresher heard, 63  
 With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;  
 Lost in the musick of the whirling flail,  
 To gaze on thee I left the smeaking pail;  
 In harvest when the Sun was mounted high,  
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply; 63  
 When-e'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,  
 And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake;  
 When in the welkin gath'ring show'rs were seen,  
 I lagg'd the last with *Colin* on the green;  
 And when at eve returning with thy carr, 65  
 Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;  
 Strait on the fire the sooty pot I plac't,  
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.  
 When hungry thou stood'st *staring like an Oaf*,  
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf, 70  
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.  
 Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!  
 Last *Friday's* eve, when as the sun was set,  
 I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met,  
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75  
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook,  
 They said that many crosses I must prove,  
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.  
 Next morn I mis'd three hens and our old cock,  
 And off the hedge two pinner and a smock. 80  
 I bore these losses with a christian mind,  
 And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.  
 But since, alas! I grew my *Colin's* scorn,  
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.  
 Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again,  
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

54 SECOND PASTORAL.

Have I not fate with thee full many a night,  
 When dying embers were our only light,  
 When every creature did in slumbers lye,  
 Besides our cat, my *Colin Clout*, and I? 90  
 No troublous thoughts the cat or *Colin* move,  
 While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, *Colin*, when at last year's wake,  
 I bought the costly present for thy sake,  
 Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife, 95  
 And with another change thy state of life?  
 If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,  
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet.  
*As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,*  
*So is thy image on this heart of mine.* 100

But woe is me! Such presents luckless prove,  
 For *Knives*, they tell me, *always sever Love*.

Thus *Marian* wail'd, her eye with tears brimful,  
 When *Goody Dobbins* brought her cow to bull.  
 With apron blue to dry her tears she sought, 105  
 Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.





# WEDNESDAY;

OR, THE

## \*DUMPS.

SPARABELLA.



HE wailings of a maiden I recite,  
A maiden fair, that *Sparabella* hight.  
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnets'  
throat,  
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a  
note,

\* *Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the Sillens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a King of Egypt, that built a Pyramid, and dy'd of Melancholy. So Mopes after the same manner is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian King that dy'd of the same distemper; but our English Antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is, a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Nortolk, and other counties of England.*

56      *THIRD PASTORAL.*

No mag-pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,      5  
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray.  
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,  
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O D'Ursey, lend an Ear or twain,  
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain;      10  
Whether thou seekest new kingdoms in the sun,  
Whether thy muse does at *New-market* run,  
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,  
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,  
Or else it wakes with *Joan* and *Hodge* rejoice,      15  
Where 'D' Ursey's lyrics swell in every voice;  
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,  
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the Sun drove adown the western road,  
And oxen laid at rest forget the goad,      20  
The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,  
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade:  
When *Sparabella* pensive and forlorn,  
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,  
Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise      25  
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Line 5. *Immemor Herbarum quos est mirata juventa  
Certantes quorum stupefacta carmine Lynce;*  
*Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.* Virg.

9. *Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,  
Sive oram Illyrici legis aquoris*——

11. *An Opera written by this Author, called the  
World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds; he  
is also famous for his Song on the New-market  
Horse Race, and several others that are sung by  
the British Swains.*

17. Meed. an old word for Fame or Renown.

18. ——— *Hanc sine tempora circum  
Inter victricis ederam tibi serpente lauros.*

25. *Incombens tereti Damon sic cepit Oliva.*

Come

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,  
 From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;  
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,  
 Last Sunday happier *Clumfilis* put on. 30  
 Sure if he'd eyes (*but Love, they say, has none*)  
 I whilome by that ribbon had been known.  
 Ah, well-a day! I'm shent with baneful smart,  
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,* 35  
*'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*  
 Shall heavy *Clumfilis* with me compare?  
 View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.  
 Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,  
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born; 40  
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,  
 Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;  
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink wou'd strait grow sour,  
 Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:  
 No hufwifry the dowdy creature knew; 45  
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,*  
*'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*  
 I've often seen my visage in yon lake,  
 Nor are my features of the homliest make. 50  
 Though *Clumfilis* may boast a whiter dye,  
 Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;  
 And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,  
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.  
 Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek; 55  
 While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.

33. Shent, an old word signifying Hurt or harmed.  
 37. *Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus Amantes?* Virg.  
 49. *Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in Lissore vidi.*  
 53. *Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.* Virg.

Yet

58. THIRD PASTORAL.

Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,  
And by her gain, poor Sparabell's undone!  
Let hairs and hounds in coupling straps unite,  
The clocking hen make friendship with the kite.  
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose;  
And join in wedlock with the wadling goose.  
For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,  
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,  
And speckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,  
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,  
And the slow as on trees, like squirrels, play,  
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,  
Than I forget my Shepherd's wonted love!

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,  
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!  
To me he sped, regardless of his game,  
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;  
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,  
Then from his purse of silk a Guinea took,  
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,  
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.  
He swore that Dick in liv'ry strip'd with lace,  
Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace;  
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,  
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

59. *Jungentur jam Gryphes equis; evoque sequenti  
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula Dama.* Virg.

67. *Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere Cervi*

*Et freta destituent nudos in litoris Pisce.*

*Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.*

Virg.

My



*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun,  
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,  
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,  
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.

The father only silly sheep annoys,  
The son the fillier shepherde's destroys.  
Does son or father greater mischief do?  
The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;  
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe.

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.

What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!

No—— to some tree this carcass I'll suspend.

But worrying curs find such untimely end!

I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool

On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,

That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding quean

Yet, sure a lover should not dye so mean!

There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,

Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;

89. Token. *Scire* Chaucero, to Ken, and Kende  
notus A. S. cunnan Goth. Kunnan. Germanis Ken-  
nen, Danis Kiende. Islandis Kunna. Belgis Ken-  
nen. This word is of general use, but not very common,  
though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken for prospic-  
cere is well known and used to discover by the eye.  
Ray. F. R. S.

*Nunc scio quid sit Amor, &c.*

*Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?*

*Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.*

Virg.

99. ———— *vivite Sylva,*

*Præcepti aerii specula de montis in undas*

*Deferar.*

Virg.

And

60 *THIRD PASTORAL.*

And thence, if courage holds, my self I'll throw,  
And quench my Passion in the lake below.

*Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,  
And, by my ease forwarn'd, go mind your own.*

The sun was set; the night came on apace, 115  
And falling dews bewet around the place,  
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,  
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;  
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,  
And till to morrow comes defers her fate. 120



*THURS.*



# THURSDAY;

OR, THE

# SPELL.

HOBNELIA.



OBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,  
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous  
tale,

Her piteous tale the winds in sighs be-  
moan,

And pining eccho answers groan for  
groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,  
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!  
When *Lubberkin* to town his cattle drove,  
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;

Line. 8, Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word *digh-*  
*tan*, which signifies to set in order.

The

62      *FOURTH PASTORAL.*

The maiden fine bedight his love retains,  
And for the village he forsakes the plains.      10  
Return my *Lubberkin*, these ditties hear;  
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing,      15  
And call with welcome note the budding spring,  
I straitway set a running with such haste,  
*Deb'rah* that won the smock scarce ran so fast.

'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,  
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,      20  
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,  
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizled hair,  
As like to *Lubberkin's* in curl and hue,  
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,      25  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

At eve last *Midsummer* no sleep I sought,  
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,  
I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,  
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,      30  
*This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,  
Who shall my true-love be, she crop shall mow.*  
I strait look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,  
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,      35  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Last *Valentine*, the day when birds of kind  
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;  
I rearly rose, just at the break of day,  
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;      40  
A-field I went, amid the morning dew  
To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do)

21. Doff and don, contracted from the words do off  
and do on.

Thee

Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,  
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be;  
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take, 45  
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail  
That might my secret lover's name reveal; 50  
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,  
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.  
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,  
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.  
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell, 55  
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:  
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.* 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name.  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,  
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.  
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow, 65  
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see  
One that was closely fill'd with three times three, 70  
Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,  
And o'er my door the spell in secret laid,  
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new, 75  
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;

64. ——— ἰγὺ δ' ἐπὶ Δάφνιδι δάφναυ

Αἰθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λανίς μέγα κακκρυπτοαα. Theoc.

66. *Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.*

The

64 FOURTH PASTORAL.

The latch mov'd up, when who shou'd first come in, 75  
But in his proper person, ——— *Lubberkin*.  
I broke my yarn surpriz'd the sight to see,  
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.  
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sight,  
So may again his love with mine unite ! 80

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

This *Lady-fly* I take from off the grass,  
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.  
*Fly, Lady-Bird, North, South, or East or West;* 85  
*Fly where the Man is found that I love best.*  
He leaves my hand, see so the *West* he's flown,  
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.* 90

This mellow pippin, which I pare around,  
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground.  
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,  
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read ;  
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen 95  
Than what the paring marks upon the green.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

This pippin shall another tryal make,  
See from the core two kernels brown I take ; 100  
This on my cheek for *Lubberkin* is worn,  
And *Booby* clod on t'other side is born.  
But *Booby* clod soon drops upon the ground,  
A certain token that his love's unsound,  
While *Lubberkin* sticks firmly to the last ; 105  
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast !

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

93. *Transque Caput jace; ne respexeris.*

Virg.

As



As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,  
 Twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;  
 He wist not when the hempen string I drew,  
 Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;  
 Together fast I tye the garters twain,  
 And while I knit the knot repeat this strain.  
 Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure,  
 Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

110

115

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day  
 To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.  
 I made my market long before 'twas night,  
 My purse grew heavy and my basket light.  
 Strait to the 'pothecary's shop I went,

120

125

And in love-powder all my mony spent;  
 Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,  
 When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,  
 These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,  
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

130

But hold—our Light-foot barks, and cocks his ears,  
 O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.

He comes, he comes, Hobnelia's not bewray'd,  
 Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.

He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown,  
 Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

109. *Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores  
 Necte, Amarylli modo; Veneris dic vincula necto.*  
 Virg.

123. *Has Herbas, atque hac Ponto mihi lecta venena  
 Ipse dedit Maris.* Virg.

127. ——— Πोटὸν καὶ τὸν ἀντρίον δ' ἴσθαι. Theoc.

131. *Nescio quid certe est: & Hylax in limine latrat.*



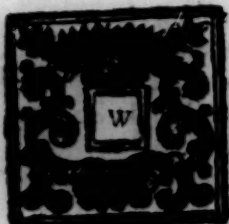
# F R I D A Y;

OR, THE

## \*DIRGE.

BUMKINET. GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.



HY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful  
seem?

There's sorrow in thy look, if right  
I deem.

'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops  
appear,

And chilly blasts begin to nip the  
year;

From the tall elm a show'r of leaves is born,

And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.

\* Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful Ditty or Song of Lamentation over the dead, not a contraction of the Latin Dirige in the popish Hymn Dirige Gressus meos, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic Dyrke, Laudare, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their Dyrke and our Dirge, was a laudatory Song to commemorate and applaud the Dead. Cowell's Interpreter,

Yet

Yet ev'  
Now th  
Come,  
Let cy

Ab I  
From  
Shoul  
And m

Ha  
And v  
Gillia  
Thou  
Of P  
And  
Com  
From

Y  
But  
The  
For

Is  
No  
As  
So  
Of  
Th  
An

Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,  
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards,  
Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheary bowl,  
Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul.

10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah Bumkines! since thou from hence wert gone,  
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;  
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy chear,  
And make thine Eye o'er-flow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

Hang Sorrow! Let's to yonder hutt repair,  
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.  
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,  
Thou sing'st most sweet, o'er hills and far away.  
Of Patient Griffel I devise to sing,  
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.  
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come,  
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

15

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,  
But with my woe shall distant valleys ring.  
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,  
For woe is me! — our Blouzelind is dead.

20

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!  
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.  
As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,  
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate,  
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,  
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.  
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,  
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;

30

15. *Incipe Mopse prior si quos aut Phyllidis ignes  
Aut Alconis habes Laudes, aut iurgia Codri.*  
27. Glee, Joy; from the Dutch, Gloopren, to recreate.

The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35  
 And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.  
 Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,  
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;  
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,  
 For 'twas in autumn *Blouzelinda* dy'd. 40

Where-e'er I gad, I *Blouzelind* shall view,  
 Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.  
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,  
 Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood,  
 Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45  
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;  
 There I remember how her faggots large,  
 Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.  
 Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,  
 And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50  
 Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,  
 Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;  
 Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,  
 And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55  
 I shall her goodly countenance espie,  
 For there her goodly countenance I've seen,  
 Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.  
 Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,  
 Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound. 60  
 Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,  
 And pres from spongy curds the milky stream.  
 But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more  
 The whining swine surround the dairy door,  
 No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65  
 To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.  
 Lament, ye swine, in gruntings spend your grief,  
 For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,  
 Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70  
 The

The poultry there will seem around to stand,  
Waiting upon her charitable hand.  
No succour meet the poultry now can find,  
For they, like me, have lost their *Blouzelind*.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass, 75  
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.  
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)  
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.  
There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,  
There the sweet kifs my courtship has explain'd. 80  
Ah *Blouzelind*! that mow I ne'er shall see,  
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,  
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;  
Let weeds instead of butter-flow'rs appear, 85  
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;  
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,  
For *Blouzelinda*, blithsome maid, is dead!  
Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,  
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone. 90  
*Here Blouzelinda lyes———Alas, alas!*  
*Weep shepherds———and remember flesh is grass.*

G R U B B I N O L.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,  
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;  
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth, 95  
Or bunnis and sugar to the damsel's tooth;

84. *Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo Narcisso*  
*Carduus, & spinis surgit Paliurus acutis. Virg.*  
90. *Et Tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite Carmen.*  
93. *Tale tuum Carmen nobis, Divine Poeta,*  
*Quale sopor fessis in gramine : quale per aſtum*  
*Dulcis aqua ſaliente ſiſtim reſtinguere rivo.*  
*Nos tamen hac quocumque modo tibi noſtra viciffim*  
*Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad aſtra. Virg.*  
96. *Κρείστον μελτομενω τον ακριμεν υι μέλι λείχαιν. Theoc.*

Yet *Blouzelinda's* name shall tune my lay,  
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When *Blouzelind* expir'd, the weather's bell  
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100  
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,  
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;  
The boding raven on her cottage fate,  
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;  
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105  
Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;  
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,  
Which erst I saw when goody *Dobson* dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,  
While on her dearling's bed her mother fate! 110  
These words the dying *Blouzelinda* spoke,  
And of the dead let none the will revoke.

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,  
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,  
Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn: 115  
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;  
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,  
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.  
Yet e'er I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,  
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120  
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,  
Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid:  
The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake,  
Let *Susan* keep for her dear sister's sake;  
My new straw-hat—that's trimly lin'd with green, 125  
Let *Peggy* wear, for she's a damsel clean.  
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,  
Be *Grubbinol's*—this silver ring beside:  
Three-silver pennies, and a ninepence bent,  
A token kind, to *Bumkinet* is sent. 130  
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,  
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.



To show their love, the neighbours far and near,  
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.

Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore, 135  
While dismally the Parson walk'd before.  
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,  
The daisie, butter-flow'r and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,  
That none cou'd tell whose turn would be the next; 140  
He said, that heav'n would take her soul, no doubt,  
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise — quire out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,  
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.  
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around, 145  
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,  
Lest her new grave the Parson's cattle raze,  
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,  
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm. 150  
For gaffer Tread-well told us by the by,  
*Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.*

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,  
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;  
While padling ducks the standing lake desire, 155  
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;  
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,  
So long shall swains tell *Blouzelinda's* praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,  
'Till bonny *Susan* sped a-cross the plain; 160  
They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,  
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;  
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,  
And *Susan Blouzelinda's* loss repairs.

153. *Dum juga montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit  
Dumque Thymo pascuntur apes, Dum rore cicada,  
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*

SATUR-



*SATURDAY;*  
OR, THE  
*FLIGHTS.*  
*BOWZYBEUS.*



UBLIMER strains, O rustick  
Muse, prepare;  
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's  
care;  
Thy homely voice to loftier num-  
bers raise,

The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,  
With *Bowzybeus'* songs exalt thy verse,  
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers toil  
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;  
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,  
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about,  
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow  
Cut down the labours of the winter plow.  
To the near hedge young *Susan* steps aside,  
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd,

What?

What-e'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15  
And merry reapers, what they list will ween.  
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill  
That eccho answer'd from the distant hill;  
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,  
Who thought some adder had the last dismay'd. 20

When fast asleep they *Bowzybeus* spy'd,  
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside.  
That *Bowzybeus* who could sweetly sing,  
Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string;  
That *Bowzybeus* who with finger's speed 25  
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;  
That *Bowzybeus* who with jocund tongue,  
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.  
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,  
And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah *Bowzybee*, why didst thou stay so long?  
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!  
Thou should'st have left the Fair before 'twas night,  
But thou sat'st toying 'till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35  
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring tout.  
For custom says, *Whoe'er this venture proves,*  
*For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.*  
By her example *Dorcas* bolder grows,  
And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40  
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke  
The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke,  
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carrols o'er,  
As for the maids, — I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45  
But lads and lasses round about him throng.

Li. 22. *Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.* Virg.

40. *Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.* Virg.

43. *Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis.*

*Huic aliud mercedis erit.*

Virg.

H

Not

Not ballad-singer plac'd above the croud  
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,  
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,  
Like *Bowzybeus* sooths th' attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carrols first begun,  
Why the grave owle can never face the sun.  
For owles, as swains observe, detest the light,  
And only sing and seek their prey by night.  
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,  
And how the closing colworts upwards grow ;  
How *Will-a-Wisp* mis-leads night-faring clowns,  
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.  
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,  
And of the glow-worms light that gilds his tail.  
He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,  
And in what climates they renew their breed ;  
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,  
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.  
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,  
And how the drowsie bat and dormouse sleep.  
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,  
'Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.  
For huntsmen by their long experience find,  
That puppy's still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of Fairs and shows,  
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.  
How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,  
The various fairings of the country maid,

47. *Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnasia rupes  
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea.*  
Virg.

51. Our swain had probably read Tusser, from whence  
he might have collected these philosophical ob-  
servations.

*Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta &c.*  
Virg.  
Long

Long filken laces hang upon the twine,  
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;  
How the tight lads, knives, combs, and scissars spys,  
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.  
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,  
Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold. 80

The lads and lasses trudge the street along,  
And all the fair is crouded in his song.  
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells  
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;  
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs, 85  
And on the rope the ventrous maiden swings;  
Jask pudding in his parti-coloured jacket  
Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packer.  
Of *Raree-shows* he sung, and *Punch's* feats,  
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90

Then sad he sung *the Children in the wood*.  
Ah barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!  
How blackberrys they pluck'd in desarts wild,  
And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd;  
Their little corps the robin-red-breasts found, 95  
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.  
Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,  
Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom *Joan* he sung the doubtful strife,  
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell  
What woeful wars in *Chevy-chase* befel,  
When *Piercy* drove the deer with hound and horn,  
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!  
Ah *Wish'rington*, more years thy life had crown'd, 105  
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!

97. *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,  
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo.* Virg.

99. *A Song in the Comedy of Love for Love, beginning  
A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.*

Yet shall the Squire, who fought on bloody stumps,  
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

*All in the land of Essex next he chauns,*

How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants; 110

How the grave brother stood on bank so green.

Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,

And on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of *Taffey Welch*, and *Sawney Scot*, 115

*Lilly-bullers* and the *Irish Trot*.

Why should I tell of *Bateman* or of *Shore*,

Or *Wantley's Dragon* slain by valiant *Moore*,

*The bow'r of Rosamond*, or *Robin Hood*, 119

And how the grass now grows where *Troy town* stood?

His carrols ceas'd: the list'ning maids and swains

Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose; and as he reels along

Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.

The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown 125

Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;

The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,

Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

109. *A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.*

112. *Et fortunatam si nunquam Armenta fuissent*  
*Pasiphaen.*

117. *Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.*

Virg.

117. *Old English Ballads.*





# A N

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*Pippin*

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TRIVIA;

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TRIVIA;

OR, THE

ART of WALKING

the Streets of

L O N D O N.

*Quo te Mæri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in  
Urbem? Virg.*

↓

---

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers: That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto.

----Non tu, in Triviis, indocte, solebas  
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere  
carmen?

TRIVIA.





# TRIVIA.

---

## BOOK I.

---

*Of the Implements for walking the Streets,  
and Signs of the Weather.*



THROUGH winter streets to steer your  
course aright,

How to walk clean by day, and safe by  
night,

How jostling crouds, with prudence to  
decline,

When to assert the wall, and when resign,  
I sing: Thou, *Trivia*, Goddess, aid my song, 5  
Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;  
By thee transported, I securely stray  
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,  
The silent court, and op'ning square explore,  
And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10  
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,  
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;  
For thee, the sturdy paver thumps the ground,  
Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound;

For

For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 13  
 Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.  
 My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,  
 From the great theme to build a glorious name,  
 To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,  
 And bind my temples with a Civic crown; 20  
 But more, my country's love demands the lays,  
 My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,  
 And *clean your shoes* resounds from ev'ry voice;  
 When late their miry sides stage-coaches show, 25  
 And their stiff horses through the town move slow;  
 When all the *Mall* in leafy ruin lies,  
 And damsels first renew their oyster cries:  
 Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,  
 Not of the *Spanish* or *Morocco* hide; 30  
 The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,  
 And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:  
 Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet  
 Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking fleet.  
 Should the big laste extend the shoe too wide, 35  
 Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:  
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,  
 Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;  
 And when too short the modish shoes are worn,  
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care,  
 To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.  
 Now in thy trunk thy *D'oily* habit fold,  
 The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;  
 The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain, 45  
 And show'rs soon drench the camblet's cockled grain.  
 True \* *Witney* broad-cloth with its shag unshorn,  
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:

\* *A Town in Oxfordshire.*

Be this the horse-man's fence; for who would wear  
 Amid the town the spoils of *Russia's* bear? 30  
 Within the *Roquelaure's* clasp thy hands are pent,  
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.  
 Let the loop'd *Bavaroy* the fop embrace,  
 Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace.  
 That garment best the winter's rage defends, 35  
 Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;  
 By \* various names in various counties known,  
 Yet held in all the true *Surtout* alone:  
 Be thine of *Kersey* firm, though small the cost,  
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60  
 If the strong cane support thy walking hand,  
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;  
 Ev'n sturdy carr-men shall thy nod obey,  
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:  
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65  
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.  
 Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,  
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.  
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,  
 And lazily insure a life's disease; 70  
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey  
 To court, to † *White's*, Assemblies, or the Play;  
 Rosie-complexion'd health thy steps attends,  
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.  
 Imprudent men heav'n's choicest gifts prophane. 75  
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;  
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,  
 And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace;  
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,  
 May no such vicious walkers croud the street, 80  
 May Providence o'er-shade me with her wings,  
 While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings.

\* *A Joseph, a Wrap-Rascal, &c.*

† *White's Chocolate-house in St. James's Street.*

Not that I wander from my native home,  
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.  
 Let *Paris* be the theme of *Gallia's* muse,  
 Where slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes;  
 Nor do I rove in *Belgia's* frozen clime,  
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,  
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,  
 No miry ways industrious steps offend,  
 The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,  
 And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.  
 Let others *Naples'* smoother streets rehearse,  
 And with proud *Roman* structures grace their verse,  
 Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,  
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones;  
 Nor shall the Muse thro' narrow *Venice* stray,  
 Where *Gondolas* their painted oars display.  
 O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,  
 No carts, no coaches shake the floating town!  
 Thus was of old *Britannia's* city blest'd,  
 E'er pride and luxury her sons possess'd:  
 Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,  
 Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:  
 Then the proud lady trip'd along the town,  
 And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,  
 Her rosie cheek with distant visits glow'd,  
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd;  
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,  
 And a long trailing manteau sweeps the ground,  
 Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair  
 With narrow step affects a limping air.  
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,  
 And the streets flame with gl'ring equipage;  
 The tricking gamester insolently rides,  
 With *Loves* and *Graces* on his chariot's sides;  
 In tawcy state the griping broker sits,  
 And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits:

For you, O honest men, these useful lays  
The Muse prepares; I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;  
From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,  
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;  
Surpriz'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.

When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 123  
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;  
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,  
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.

Be thou, for ev'ry season, justly drest,  
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast; 130  
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,  
Let thy *Surtout* defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal,  
E'er winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,  
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135  
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire:

Your tender skins the scorching heat decline,  
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;  
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame  
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140  
Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,  
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,  
Of milder weather, and serener skies.  
The ladies gayly dress'd, the *Mall* adorn 145

With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;  
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,  
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:

\* Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,  
Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught, 150

The seasons operate on ev'ry breast;  
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.

\* *Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,  
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.* Virg. Geor. 1.  
When

When on his box the nodding coachman snores,  
 And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors  
 The chairmen idly croud; then ne'er refuse  
 To trust thy busie steps in thinner shoes.

155

But when the swinging signs your ears offend  
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;  
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,  
 And rush in muddy torrents to the *Thames*.

160

The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,  
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care

Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew

To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue:

On hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd,

165

Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side;

Church-monuments foretel the changing air;

Then *Niobe* dissolves into a tear,

And sweats with secret grief; you'll hear the sounds

Of whistling winds, e'er kennels break their bounds;

Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,

171

And dropping vaults distil unwholesom dews.

E'er the tiles rattle with the smoaking show'r,

And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel,

175

Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurses tell,

How, if the festival of *Paul* be clear,

Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year;

When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,

The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;

180

But if the threatening winds in tempests roar,

Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.

How, if on *Swishin's* feast the welkin lours,

And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,

Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,

185

And wash the pavements with incessant rain.

Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;

Nor *Paul* nor *Swishin* rule the clouds and wind.

If



If you the precepts of the Muse despise,  
And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190  
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,  
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,  
Or double-button'd frieze; their guarded feet  
Defie the muddy dangers of the street,  
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195  
Of spouts high-streaming, and with cautious tread  
Shun ev'ry dashing pool; or idle stop,  
To seek the kind protection of a shop.

But bus'ness summons; now with hasty scud  
You jostle for the wall, the spatter'd mud 200  
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scow'r,  
Thy wig alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.  
So fierce *Alecto's* snaky tresses fell,  
When *Orpheus* charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of hell,  
Or thus hung *Glaucus'* beard, with briny dew 205  
Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous view  
Surpriz'd the bathing fear; the frighted maid  
Now stands a rock, transform'd by *Circe's* aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise: 210  
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,  
Safe thro' the wet on clinking patten's tread.  
Let *Persian* dames th' umbrella's ribs display,  
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;  
Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215  
When eastern Monarchs show their state abroad;  
*Britain* in winter only knows its aid,  
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.  
But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,  
That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220  
Say from what art divine th' invention came,  
And from its origine deduce the name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny soil,  
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil;

One only daughter blest his nuptial bed, 225  
 Who from her infant hand the poultry fed :  
*Martha* (her careful mother's name) she bore,  
 But now her careful mother was no more.  
 Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,  
*Patty* he fondly call'd the smiling maid ; 230  
 As years encreas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,  
 And *Patty's* fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the gray-ey'd morning streaks the skies,  
 And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,  
 Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235  
 And singing to the distant field repairs :  
 And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,  
 The milky burthen smoaks upon her head.  
 Deep, thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,  
 Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

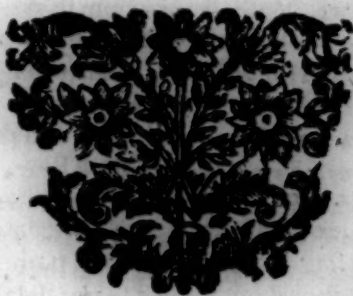
*Vulcan* by chance the bloomy maiden spies,  
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes,  
 He saw, he lov'd ; for yet he ne'er had known  
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.  
 Ah *Mulciber* ! recal thy nuptial vows, 245  
 Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,  
 Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,  
 And canst thou leave her bed for *Patty's* arms ?

The *Lemnian* Pow'r forsakes the realms above,  
 His bosom glowing with terrestrial love : 250  
 Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,  
 No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.  
 Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,  
 And early strokes the sounding anvil warm ;  
 Around his shop the steely sparkles flew, 255  
 As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,  
 His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.  
 To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays ;  
 What woman can resist the force of praise ? 260

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,  
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood :  
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,  
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews ;  
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore, 265  
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.  
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,  
And on her cheek the fading rose declines,  
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,  
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly thought,  
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,  
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,  
And bear her safely through the wintry ways,  
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows, 275  
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.  
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,  
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.  
The God obtain'd his suit ; though flatt'ry fail,  
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280  
The patten now supports each frugal dame,  
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name.





# TRIVIA.

---

## BOOK II.

---

### *Of Walking the Streets by Day.*



HUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful  
lays,

The proper implements for wintry ways;  
Has taught the walker, with judicious  
eyes,

To read the various warnings of the skies.

Now venture, Muse, from whom to range the town, ;  
And for the publick safety risque thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best ;  
No tides of passengers the street molest.

You'll see a draggled damsel, here and there,

From *Billinggate* her fishy traffick bear;

10

On doors the fallow milk-maid chalks her gains ;

Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!

Before proud gates attending asses bray,

Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;

These grave Physicians with their milky chear,

15

The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair ;

Here

Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,  
 And with their velloin thunder shake the pile,  
 To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these  
 The proper p elude to a state of peace? 20

Now industry awakes her busie sons,  
 Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:  
 Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,  
 And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town. 25  
 Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,

Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling press,  
 The barber's apron soils the sable dress;  
 Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,  
 Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh: 30

Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,  
 Three sully'ing trades avoid with equal care;  
 The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,  
 And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;  
 When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, 35

From smutty dangers guard they threaten'd coat:  
 The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,  
 When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;  
 But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,  
 The chandler's basket, on his shoulder born, 40  
 With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,  
 To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,  
 Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,  
 And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid, 45  
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid;  
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage  
 Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:  
 And when the porter bends beneath his load,  
 And pants for breath; clear thou the crouded road. 50  
 But, above all, the groping blind direct,  
 And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread;  
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,  
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose, 55  
 And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,  
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,  
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.  
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,  
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,  
 Yield not the way; defie his strutting pride, 61  
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;  
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,  
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

    It drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown, 65  
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;  
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,  
 Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.  
 Seek not from prentices to learn the way,  
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70  
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,  
 He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

    Where fam'd *Sr. Giles's* ancient limits spread,  
 And in rail'd column rears its lofty head,  
 Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day, 75  
 And from each other catch the circling ray.  
 Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,  
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;  
 He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,  
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80  
 Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,  
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.  
 Thus hardy *Theseus* with intrepid feet,  
 Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of *Crete*;  
 But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay, 85  
 Till *Ariadne's* clue unwinds the way.  
 But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide  
 Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide;

She'll



She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,  
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90  
When waggish boys the stunted beefsomp ply  
To rid the slabby pavement; pass not by  
E'er thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt  
Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.  
Where porters hogheads roll from carts aslope, 95  
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,  
Where counted billets are by carmen toft  
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,  
The voice of industry is always near. 100  
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,  
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.  
Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,  
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;  
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105  
And show the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)  
Of old was wont this nether world to range  
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd  
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110  
And ev'n the proudest Goddesses now and then  
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;  
To vulgar Deities descends the fashion,  
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion:  
Then \* Cloacina (Goddess of the tide 115  
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)  
Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd,  
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;

\* Cloacina was a Goddess whose image Tatius (a King of the Sabines) found in the common shore, and not knowing what Goddess it was, he called it Cloacina from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Laſtant. 1. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,  
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace : 120  
 She gaz'd ; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy  
 In what seems faults to ev'ry common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round ;  
 When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling sound  
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 125  
 That pleasing thunder : swift the Goddess rose,  
 And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,  
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.  
 With the night-wandering harlots's airs she past,  
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast ; 130  
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,  
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame ;  
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move :  
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love !

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,  
 The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace) 136  
 Descends to earth ; but sought no midwife's aid,  
 Nor midst her anguish to *Lucina* pray'd ;  
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,  
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

The child through various risques in years improv'd,  
 At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd ;  
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,  
 Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear 145  
 The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,  
 While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,  
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain !

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,  
 And long had sought his suff'rings to redress ; 150  
 She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,  
 To teach his hands some beneficial art  
 Practis'd in streets ; the Gods her suit allow'd,  
 And made him useful to the walking croud,

To

To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe  
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew.  
 Each power contributes to relieve the poor :  
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar  
*Diana* forms his brush ; the God of day  
 A tripod gives, amid the crouded way  
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil ;  
 Kind *Neptune* fills his vase with fetid oil  
 Prest from th' enormous whale ; The God of fire,  
 From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,  
 Among these gen'rous presents joins his part,  
 And aids with soot the new japanning art :  
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts ; she downward glides,  
 Lights in *Fleet-ditch*, and shoots beneath the tides.  
 Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,  
 Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,  
 Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,  
 And view'd below the black canal of mud,  
 Where common-shores a lulling murmur keep,  
 Whose torrents rush from *Holborn's* fatal steep :  
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,  
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;  
 At length he sighing cry'd ; That boy was blest,  
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast ;  
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)  
 Whom both a father and a mother own :  
 But I, alas ! hard fortune's utmost scorn,  
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born !  
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,  
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts ;  
 When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,  
 And one day makes them rich for all the year.  
 Had I the precepts of a Father learn'd,  
 Perhaps I then the coach-man's fare had earn'd,  
 For lesser boys can drive ; I thirsty stand  
 And see the double flaggon charge their hand,

See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,  
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide  
In widen'd circles beats on either side ;  
The Goddess rose amid the inmost round,  
With wither'd turnip tops her temples crown'd ;  
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black  
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back ;  
Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,  
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.

Now beck'ning to the boy ; she thus begun,  
Thy prayers are granted ; weep no more, my son :  
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,  
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,  
Temper the foot within this vase of oil,  
And let the little tripod aid thy toil ;

On this methinks I see the walking crew  
At thy request support the miry shoe,  
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,  
And in thy pocket glingling halfpence sound.

The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,  
And dashes all around her show'rs of mud :  
The youth strait chose his post ; the labour ply'd  
Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide ;  
His treble voice resounds along the *Muse*,  
And *White-hall* echoes — *Clean your Honour's shoes*.

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay  
Too long detains the walker on his way ;  
While he attends, new dangers round him throng ;  
The busy city asks instructive song.

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,  
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,  
Betimes retreat ; here, thick as hailstones pour,  
Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)  
Among the rabble rain : Some random throw  
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though

Though expedition bids, yet never stray  
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.  
 Here laden caris with thundring waggons meet,  
 Wheels clasth with wheels, and bar the narrow street;  
 The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain, 231  
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.  
 O barb'rous men, your cruel breasts assuage,  
 Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage?  
 Does not his service earn your daily bread? 235  
 Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!  
 If, as the *Samian* taught, the soul revives,  
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;  
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,  
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range: 240  
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,  
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of *Watling-street* the dangers share,  
 When the broad pavement of *Cheap-side* is near?  
 Or who \* that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245  
 That stretches, O *Fleet-ditch*, from thy black shore  
 To the *Tow'r's* moated walls? Here steams ascend  
 That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.  
 Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fishy prey  
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250  
 And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,  
 And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,  
 Thy breathing nostril hold; but how shall I  
 Pass, where in piles † *Cornavian* cheeses lye;  
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255  
 And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair *Pell-mell*,  
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!  
 As distance rolls along the gilded coach,  
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260

\* *Thames-street.* † *Cheshire anciently so called.*



No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,  
 The soft supports of laziness and pride;  
 Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sales ribbons glow,  
 The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.  
 Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, 265  
 Oft' the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide  
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,  
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;  
 Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,  
 And o'er thy head destructive titles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisic roads,  
 And silent wander in the close abodes  
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive  
 stray,

In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.  
 Here I remark each walker's diff'rent face, 275  
 And in their look their various bus'ness trace.  
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,  
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;  
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)  
 He seeks bye streets, and saves th' expensive coach.  
 Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane, 281  
 For fair recluse, who travels *Drury-lane*;  
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun  
 His *Fleet-street* draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town, 285  
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;  
 Untempted, they condemn the jugler's feats,  
 Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the \* thimble's cheats.  
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,  
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290  
 And when up *Ludgate-hill* huge carts move slow,  
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,

\* *A Cheat commonly practis'd in the streets with three  
 shimbles and a little ball.*

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Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,  
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.  
The *Parthian* thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295  
And as he flies infects pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,  
Who 'gainst the centry's box discharge their tea,  
Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,  
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,  
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;  
Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,  
Her head to shelter from the sudden show'r?

Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305  
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.  
Does not each walker know the warning sign,  
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine  
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art  
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310

Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,  
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;  
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,  
His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?  
Nor will I roam, when summer's sultry rays 315  
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;  
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,  
Smoak o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind  
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320  
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,  
And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.  
Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,  
The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;  
But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost, 325  
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.  
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;  
Oft' look behind, and ward the threatening pole.

In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,  
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330  
 Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,  
 To tempt with faithless paws the matron's tread?  
 How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,  
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?  
 At *White's* the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335  
 And twings around his waste his tingling hands:  
 The sempstresses speeds to 'Change with red-tipt nose;  
 The *Belgian* stove beneath her footstool glows;  
 In half-whipt muslin needles usefess lie,  
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340  
 These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,  
 Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love?

Where *Covent-garden's* famous temple stands,  
 That boasts the work of *Jones's* immortal hands;  
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345  
 And graceful porches lead along the square:  
 Here oft' my course I bend, when lo! from far,  
 I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:  
 The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,  
 Encreasing crouds the flying game pursue. 350  
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,  
 The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.  
 But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,  
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;  
 The dextr'ous glazier strong returns the bound, 355  
 And gingling fashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous year,  
 When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air;  
 When hoary *Thames*, with frosted ozers crown'd,  
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360  
 The waterman, forlorn along the shore,  
 Pensive reclines upon his usefess oar,  
 Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town;  
 And wander roads unstable, not their own:

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Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365  
 And raise with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.  
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,  
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.  
 Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long streets appear,  
 And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair. 370  
 So when a gen'ral bids the martial train  
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;  
 Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,  
 And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate: 375  
 Let elegiac lay the woe relate,  
 Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours  
 When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs;  
 Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;  
 Indulging grief, like *Philomela's* voice. 380

*Doll* ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;  
 Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads  
 Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,  
 That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.  
 Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain, 385  
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain,  
 Ah *Doll*! all mortals must resign their breath,  
 And industry itself submit to death!  
 The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,  
 Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies; 390  
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,  
 And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.  
 So when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,  
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,  
 His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395  
 His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;  
*Eurydice* with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,  
 And *Heber's* banks *Eurydice* return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,  
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,

The wooden town its frail foundation leaves; 401  
 And *Thames'* full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;  
 From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,  
 And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405  
 Need not the Calendar to count their days,  
 When through the town with slow and solemn air,  
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzled bear;  
 Behind him moves majestically dull,  
 The pride of *Hockley-hole*, the surly bull; 410  
 Learn hence the periods of the week to name,  
*Mondays* and *Thursdays* are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;  
 The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,  
 Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver joul, 415  
 The joynted lobster, and unscaley soale,  
 And luscious 'scallops, to allure the tastes  
 Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;  
*Wednesdays* and *Fridays* you'll observe from hence,  
 Days, when our fires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,  
 And dext'rous damsels twirle the sprinkling mop,  
 And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;  
 Know *Saturday's* conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the seasons change declare, 425  
 And mark the monthly progress of the year.  
 Mark, how the streets with treble voices ring,  
 To sell the bounteous product of the spring!  
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,  
 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood: 430  
 And when *June's* thunder cools the sultry skies,  
 Ev'n *Sundays* are prophan'd by mackrel cries.

Wallnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,  
 Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;  
 Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435  
 To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

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When rosemary, and bays the Poet's crown,  
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,  
Then judge the festival of *Christmas* near,  
*Christmas*, the joyous period of the year. 440

Now with bright holly all your temples strow,  
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.  
Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed;  
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head:  
Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let plenty's bowle 445  
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.  
See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed;  
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;  
Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,  
While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan  
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;  
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,  
His lib'ral purse relieves the lame and blind.  
Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd, 455  
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.  
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,  
Nor let old-age long stretch his palsy'd hand.  
Those who give late, are importun'd each day,  
And still are teaz'd, because they still delay. 460  
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,  
He thinly spreads them through the publick square,  
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,  
And from each other catch the doleful cry;  
With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,  
Lifts up his eyes, and hasts to beggar more. 466

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,  
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;  
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,  
Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470  
As vultures, o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,  
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.

Here



Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,  
That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F \* \* \* sincere, experienc'd friend, 475  
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;

Come let us leave the *Temple's* silent walls,  
Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls:  
Through the long *Strand* together let us stray:

With thee conversing I forget the way. 480

Behold that narrow street which steep descends,  
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;

Here *Arundel's* fam'd structure rear'd its frame,  
The street alone retains an empty name:

Where *Titian's* glowing paint the canvas warm'd, 485

And *Raphael's* fair design, with judgment, charm'd,

Now hangs the bell-man's song, and pasted here

The colour'd prints of *Overton* appear.

Where statues breath'd, the work of *Phidias's* hands,

A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands. 490

There *Essex's* stately pile adorn'd the shore,

There *Cecil's*, *Bedford's*, *Villers's*, now no more;

Yet *Burlington's* fair palace still remains;

Beauty within, without proportion reigns.

Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495

The wall with animated picture lives;

There *Hendel* strikes the strings, the melting strain

Transports the soul, and thrills through ev'ry vein;

There oft' I enter (but with cleaner shoes)

For *Burlington's* belov'd by ev'ry Muse. 500

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,

Upon your state what happiness attends!

What, though no coach to frequent visit rolls,

Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;

Yet still your nerves rhumatic pains desye, 505

Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;

No wasting cough discharges sounds of death;

Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;

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Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan  
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510

Let others in the jolting coach confide,  
Or in the leaky boat the *Thames* divide;  
Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,  
And trust their safety to another's feet,

Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale 515  
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.

Then shall the passenger too late deplore  
The ~~whelm~~ing billow, and the faithless oar;

The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,  
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520

Who can recount the coach's various harms,  
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,  
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the show'r  
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain 525

Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;  
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,

Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!  
The dust-man lashes on with spiteful rage,

His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage, 530  
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,

The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,  
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,

And mud enwraps the honours of his face.  
So when dread *Jove* the son of *Phæbus* hurl'd, 535

Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;  
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,

And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,  
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: 540

From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,  
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smock upon your boards?  
Such, *Newgate's* copious market best affords.

Would't

Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?  
 Seek *Leaden-hall* ; *St. James's* sends thee veal. 546  
*Thames-street* gives cheeses ; *Covent-garden* fruits ;  
*Moor-fields* old books ; and *Menmouth-street* old suits.  
 Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,  
 Support thy family, and cloath thy wife. 550

Volumes, on shelter'd stalls expanded lye,  
 And various science lures the learned eye ;  
 The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,  
 And deep divines to modern shops unknown :  
 Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555  
 Collects the various odours of the spring,  
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,  
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,  
 May morals snatch from *Plutarch's* tatter'd page,  
 A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyra's* sage. 560  
 Here saunt'ring prentices o'er *Osway* weep,  
 O'er *Congreve* smile, or over D \* \* sleep ;  
 Pleas'd sempstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Raps* unfold,  
 And † *Squirrs* read *Garth*, 'till apozems grow cold.

O *Lintot*, let my labours obvious lie, 565  
 Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye ;  
 So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,  
 And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix  
 On the false lustre of a coach and six ? 570  
 Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,  
 Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its harness swing,  
 With *Flanders* mares, and on an arched spring ;  
 That wretch to gain an equipage and place, 575  
 Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.

This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,  
 Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.

† The name of an Apothecary's boy, in the Poem of the  
 Dispensary.

Here

Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;  
 The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps; 580  
 There flames a fool, begirt with rinfell'd slaves,  
 Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.  
 That other, with a clustring train behind,  
 Owes his new honours to a fardid mind.  
 This next in court-fidelity excels, 585  
 The publick rifles, and his country sells.  
 May the proud chariot never be my fate,  
 If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate;  
 O rather give me sweet content on foot,  
 Wrapt in my virtue, and a good *Shurtons*! 590



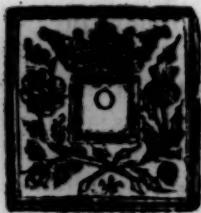
TRIVIA.



# TRIVIA.

## BOOK III.

### *Of Walking the Streets by Night.*



TRIVIA Goddess, leave these low  
abodes,  
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal  
roads,  
Celestial Queen, put on thy robes of  
light,  
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of  
the night.

At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword, 5  
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.  
O may thy silver lamp from heav'n's high bow'r  
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,  
Or with her cloudy-vest inwraps the air, 10  
Then swarms the busie street; with caution tread,  
Where the shop-windows falling threat thy head;  
Now lab'ers home return, and join their strength  
To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length;

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Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15  
And as the paffes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of *St. Clement* stand,  
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the *Strand*;  
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,  
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread; 20  
Where not a post protects the narrow space,  
And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;  
Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,  
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.  
Forth iffuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds 25  
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds,  
Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,  
And wait impatient, 'till the road grow clear.  
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,  
And the mixt hurry barricades the street. 30

Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team  
Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam  
Lies over-turn'd athwart; for slaughter fed  
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.  
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35  
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;  
From the high box they whirl the thong around,  
And with the twining lash their shins resound:  
Their rage ferments, more dang'rous wounds they try,  
And the blood gushes down their painful eye. 40  
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,  
And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;  
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with  
blood,

'Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.  
So when two boars, in wild \* *Ytene* bred, 45  
Or on *Westphalia*'s fatt'ning chest-nuts fed,

\* *New Forest* in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,  
 Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;  
 In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,  
 'Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,  
 Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.  
 Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,  
 The subtil artist will thy side disarm.  
 Nor is thy flaxen wigg with safety worn; 55  
 High on the shoulder, in a basket born  
 Lurks the sly boy; whose hand to rapine bred,  
 Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.  
 Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd slight,  
 And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60

Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown?  
 And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.  
 But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,  
 Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;  
 Dextrous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds, 65  
 Whilst ev'ry honest tongue *stop thief* resounds.  
 So speeds thy wily fox, alarm'd by fear,  
 Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;  
 Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,  
 And injur'd tenants joyn the hunter's cries. 70  
 Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!  
 Why did not honest work thy youth employ?  
 Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,  
 And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:  
 Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies, 75  
 Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain  
 Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:  
 Guard well thy pocket; for these *Sirens* stand,  
 To aid the labours of the diving hand; 80  
 Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,  
 And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.

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But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,  
 The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.  
 So *Jove's* loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85  
 And *Greece* and *Troy* retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,  
 And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,  
 Stop short; nor struggle through the croud in vain,  
 But watch with careful eye the passing train 90  
 Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide  
 Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,  
 Impatient venture back; despising harm,  
 I force my passage where the thickest swarm.  
 Thus his lost bride the *Trojan* sought in vain 95  
 Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.  
 Thus *Nisus* wander'd o'er the pathless grove,  
 To find the brave companion of his love,  
 The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:  
*Euryalus*, alas! is now no more. 100

That walker, who regardless of his pace,  
 Turns oft' to pore upon the damsel's face,  
 From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,  
 Shall strike his aking breast against the post;  
 Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain 105  
 His hapless coat with spirits of scaly rain.  
 But if unwarily he chance to stray,  
 Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,  
 The thwarting passenger shall force them round,  
 And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground. 110

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,  
 And wary circumspection guard thy side;  
 Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,  
 Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoaky light.  
 Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road, 115  
 Where alehouse benches rest the porter's load,  
 Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,  
 That bruises oft' the truant school-boy's heel,

Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,  
 Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120  
 Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,  
 Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;  
 Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,  
 And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,  
 The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125  
 But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner allies wind by day,  
 To shun the hurries of the publick way,  
 Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;  
 Mind only safety, and contemn the mire. 130  
 Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,  
 Nor sneering ale-wives bid thee turn again.

Where *Lincoln's-Inn*, wide space, is rail'd around,  
 Cross not with vent'rous step; there oft' is found  
 The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone, 135  
 Made the walls eccho with his begging tone:  
 That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound  
 Thy bleeding head, and sell thee to the ground.  
 Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,  
 Yet trust him not along the lonely wall; 140  
 In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,  
 And share the booty with the pil'ring band.  
 Still keep the publick streets, where oily rays  
 Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy *Augusta*! law-defended town! 145  
 Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's trown;  
 No *Spanish* jealousies thy lanes infest,  
 Nor *Roman* vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;  
 Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand;  
 But liberty and justice guard the land; 150  
 No bravos here profess the bloody trade,  
 Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman with assuming stride,  
 Preiss near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:

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The laws have set him bounds ; his servile feet 155  
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street,  
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell;  
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of *Pell-mell*,  
When in long rank a train of torches flame,  
To light the midnight visits of the dame ? 160  
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,  
May where the chairman rests, with safety tread ;  
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,  
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are cross, 165  
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost :  
He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,  
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.  
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,

To cross the way where carts and coaches roll ; 170

Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,  
Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride ;  
Stay till as far the distant wheel you hear,  
Like dying thunder in the breaking air ;  
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175

And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,  
Or wheels enclose the road ; on either hand  
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,  
And call for aid in vain ; the coach-man swears,  
And car-men drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180

Where wilt thou turn ? ah ! whither wilt thou fly ?  
On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.  
So sailors, while *Carybdis*' gulph they shun,  
Amaz'd, on *Scylla*'s craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands, 185

Who boasts her shelly ware from *Wallfleet* sands ;  
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,  
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.  
If where *Fleet-ditch* with muddy current flows,  
You chance to roam ; where oyster-tubs in rows 190

Are

Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,  
 And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste:  
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,  
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 195  
 With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore  
 First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,  
 And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.  
 What will not lux'ry taste? Earth, sea and air  
 Are daily ranack'd for the bill of fare. 200  
 Blood stuff'd in skins is *British* christian's food,  
 And *France* robs marshes of the croaking brood;  
 Spungy morels in strong ragousts are found,  
 And in the soupe the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall, 205  
 Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;  
 For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng  
 Will with impetuous fury drive along;  
 All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,  
 And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210  
 Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,  
 Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.  
 Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,  
 Than in the doubtful quarrel risque thy blood.  
 O think on *OEdipus*' detested state, 215  
 And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his sire unknown;  
 (Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!)  
 Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,  
 The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd? 220  
 Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,  
 Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!  
 Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray  
 Through *Theban* streets, and cheerless groap thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years; 225  
 See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!

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Whether some heir attends in sable state,  
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;  
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,  
 A croud of lovers follow to her tomb. 230

Why is the herse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,  
 And with the nodding plume of Ostrich crown'd?

No: The dead know it not, nor profit gain;  
 It only serves to prove the living vain.

How short is life! how frail is human trust! 235  
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,  
 Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;  
 Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,  
 And spot indelible thy pocket soil. 240

Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet  
 With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?

Has she not given us hands, to grope aright,  
 Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?

And think'st thou not the double nostril meant, 245  
 To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

\* Who can the various city frauds recite,  
 With all the petty rapines of the night?

Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,  
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards? 250

Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,  
 Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?

Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,  
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?

I need not strict enjoyn the pocket's care, 255  
 When from the crouded play thou lead'st the fair;

Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,  
 Or handkerchiefs that *India's* shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads  
 Of *Drury's* mazy courts, and dark abodes, 260

\* *Various cheats formerly in practice.*

The



The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,  
Where *Katherine-street* descends into the *Strand*.  
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtil arts,  
To lure the stranger's unsuspecting hearts;  
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265  
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,  
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;  
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,  
The new scower'd manteau, and the flattern air; 270  
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,  
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;  
With flatt'ring sounds she soothes the cred'ulous ear,  
My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!  
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies, 275  
Or muffled pinnars hide her livid eyes.  
With empty bandbox she delights to range,  
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change;  
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood prophane,  
And trudge demure the rounds of *Drury-lane*. 280  
She darts from sarsnet ambush wily leers,  
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs  
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,  
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain, 285  
To the great city drove from *Devon's* plain  
His num'rous lowing herd; his herds he sold,  
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold;  
Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;  
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290  
She leads the willing victim to his doom,  
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.  
Thence thro' the street he reels, from post to post,  
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.  
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies, 295  
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;

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Deep in the Round-house pent, all night he snores,  
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!  
Canst thou forgo roast-beef for nauseous pills? 300  
How wilt thou lift to heav'n thy eyes and hands,  
When the long 'croll the surgeon's fees demands!  
Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace)  
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face,  
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain, 305  
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light  
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;  
For six pence will support thy helpless arm,  
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm; 310  
But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar  
To call their breth'ren to confed'rate war  
When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you  
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;  
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 315  
But seek the constable's confid'rate ear;  
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,  
Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.

Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word,  
Fee not the petty clarks, but bribe my Lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,  
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.  
His scatter'd pence the flying \* Nicker flings,  
And with the copper show'r the casement rings.  
Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame? 325  
Who has not trembled at the Mobock's name?  
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,  
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?  
I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done  
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run; 330

\* Gantlemen, who delighted to break windows with  
half-pence.

How

How matrons, hoop'd within the hog'shead's womb,  
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb  
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side.  
So *Regulus* to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws 335  
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;  
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,  
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend.

Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,  
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies 340  
E'er night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;  
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown  
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,  
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.

So when fam'd *Eddystone's* far-shooting ray, 345

That led the sailor through the stormy way,  
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,  
And the high turret in the whirlwind born,  
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,  
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350

Who then through night would hire the harness'd  
steed,

And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigh'r  
And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.

At first a glowing red enwraps the skies, 355

And born by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise;  
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;

The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,  
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,  
And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360

Now with thick crouds th' enlighten'd pavement  
swarms,

The fire-man sweats beneath his crooked arms,  
A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,  
Boldly he climbs where thickest smোক ascends;

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Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,  
The helpless infant through the flame he bears, 363  
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire  
The *Dardan* hero bore his aged fire.

See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,  
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;  
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls, 370  
And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruin falls.

Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,  
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;  
The Heav'ns are all a-blaze, the face of night  
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light: 375

'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O *Rome*,  
The dire presage of mighty *Cæsar's* doom,  
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,  
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.

Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crouds, retire: 380  
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,  
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train  
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;  
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound  
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground. 385

So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,  
Th' inevitable hour of *Naples' fate*,  
Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,  
And heave and toss upon the sulph'rous lake;  
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend, 390  
And in th' abyss her plunging tow'rs descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,  
The toils, the perils of the wintry town;  
What riots seen, what bustling crouds I bor'd,  
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd; 395  
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind  
Their future safety from my dangers find.  
Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,  
Whose steps have printed *Asia's* desert soil,

The barb'rous *Arabs* haunt ; or shiv'ring crost 400  
 Dark *Greenland's* mountains of eternal frost ;  
 Whom providence in length of years restores  
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores ;)  
 Sets forth his journals to the publick view,  
 To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew. 405  
 And now compleat my gen'rous labours lye,  
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.  
 Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,  
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.  
 When *W* \* and *G* \* \*, mighty names, are dead ; 410  
 Or but at *Chelsea* under custards read ;  
 When Criticks crazy bandboxes repair,  
 And Tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air ;  
 High-rais'd on *Fleet-street* posts, consign'd to fame,  
 This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name. 415



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THE

231

1890-1891

F A R C E

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T H E  
WHAT D'YE CALL IT:

A

Tragi-Comi-Pastoral

F A R C E.

---*Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter undet.* Hor.

---*Locus est & pluribus Umbris.* Hor.

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THE

# PRESTIGE

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# T H E P R E F A C E.



*S* I am the first who have introduced this kind of Dramatick entertainment upon the stage, I think it absolutely necessary to say something by way of Preface, not only to shew the nature of it, but to answer some objections that have been already rais'd against it by the graver sort of Wits, and other interested people.

We have often had Tragi-Comedies upon the English Theatre with success: but in that sort of composition the Tragedy and Comedy are in distinct Scenes, and may be easily separated from each other. But the whole Art of the Tragi-Somi-Pastoral-Farce lies in interweaving the several kinds of the Drama with each other, so that they cannot be distinguish'd or separated.

The objections that are rais'd against it as a Tragedy, are as follow.

First, *As to the Plot*, they deny it to be Tragical, because its Catastrophe is a wedding, which hath ever been accounted Comical.

Secondly, *As to the Characters*, that those of a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clark, and an Embryo's Ghost, are  
very

# P R E F A C E.

very improper to the dignity of Tragedy, and were never introduced by the Antients.

Thirdly, They say the Sentiments are not Tragical, because they are those of the lowest country people.

Lastly, They will not allow the Moral to be proper for Tragedy, because the end of Tragedy being to show human life in its distresses, imperfections and infirmities, thereby to soften the mind of man from its natural obduracy and haughtiness, the Moral ought to have the same tendency; but this Moral, they say, seems entirely calculated to flatter the Audience in their vanity and self-conceitedness.

You all have sense enough to find it out.

To the first objection I answer, that it is still a disputable point, even among the best Criticks, whether a Tragedy may not have a happy Catastrophe; that the French Authors are of this opinion, appears from most of their Modern Tragedies.

In answer to the second objection, I cannot affirm, that any of the Antients have either a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clark, or an Embryo Ghost in their Tragedies; yet whoever will look into Sophocles, Euripides, or Seneca, will find that they greatly affected to introduce Nurses in all their pieces, which every one must grant to be an inferior Character to a Justice of Peace; in imitation of which also, I have introduced a Grandmother and an Aunt.

To the third objection, which is the meanness of the sentiments, I answer that the sentiments of Princes and clowns have not in reality that difference which they seem to have: their thoughts are almost the same, and they only differ as the same thought is attended with a meanness or pomp of diction, or receive a different light from the circumstances each Character is conversant with. But these Criticks have forgot the precept of their Master Horace, who tells them,

—Tragi-



# P R E F A C E.

—*Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.*

*In answer to the objection against the Moral, I have only this to alledge, that the Moral of this piece is conceal'd; and Morals that are couch'd so as to exercise the judgments of the audience, have not been disapprov'd by the best Criticks \*. And I would have those that object against it as a piece of Flattery, consider, that there is such a figure as the Irony.*

*The Objections against it as a Comedy are,*

*First, they object to the Plot, that it throws the Characters into the deepest circumstances of distress: Inferiors trampled upon by the Tyranny of Power, a soldier to be shot for desertion, and an innocent maid in the utmost despair.*

*Secondly, That Ghosts are introduced, which move terror, a Passion not proper to be moved in Comedy.*

*Thirdly, They will not allow the Sentiments to be comical, because they are such as naturally flow from the deep distresses abovementioned. The Speech of a dying man, and his last advice to his child, are what one could not reasonably expect should raise the mirth of an audience.*

*First, That the Plot is comical, I argue from the Peripetia and the Catastrophe. Peasgood's change of fortune upon the reprieves being produced, Kitty's distress ending in the discharge of her sweetheart, and the wedding, are all incidents that are truly comical.*

*To the second objection I answer, That Ghosts have not been omitted in the antient Comedy; Aristophanes having laid the Scene of his Βαλπαροι among the shades; and Plautus has introduc'd a Lar familiaris in his Prologue to the Aulularia, which tho' not actually a Ghost; is very little better.*

\* See Bossu's Chapter of concealed Sentences.

## P R E F A C E.

*As to the third objection, That the Sentiments are not Comical, I answer, That the Ghosts are the only characters which are objected to as improper for Comedy, which I have already proved to be justly introduced, as following the manner of the old Comedy, but as they allow that the Sentiments naturally flow from the characters, those of the Justice, Clowns, &c. which are indisputably Comical characters, must be Comical. For the Sentiments being convey'd in number and rhyme, I have the authority of the best Modern French Comedies.*

*The only objection against it as a Pastoral falls upon the characters, which they say are partly Pastoral, and partly not so. They insist particularly, that a Sergeant of Grenadiers is not a Pastoral character, and that the others are so far from being in the state of innocence, that the clowns are whoremasters, and the damsels wick child.*

*To this I reply, that Virgil talks of Soldiers among his Shepherds.*

*Impius hæc tam culta Novalia miles habebit.*

*And the character of the Sergeant is drawn according to the Epithet of Virgil, Impius Miles, which may be seen in that speech of his,*

*You Dog, die like a Soldier—and be damn'd.*

*For, in short, a Soldier to a Swain is but just the same thing that a Wolf is to his Flocks, and is as naturally talk'd of or introduc'd. As for the rest of the characters, I can only say I have copied nature, making the youths amorous before wedlock, and the damsels complying and fruitful. Those that are the most conversant in the country are the best judges of this sort of nature.*

*Lastly,*

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## P R E F A C E.

*Lastly, they object against it as a Farce.*

*First, Because the irregularity of the Plot should answer to the Extravagance of the characters, which they say this piece wants, and therefore is no Farce.*

*Secondly, They deny the characters, to be Farcical, because they are actually in nature.*

*Thirdly, If it was a true Farce, the Sentiments ought to be strain'd, to bear a proportional irregularity with the plot and characters.*

*To the first I answer, That the Farcical Scene of the Ghosts is introduced without any coherence with the rest of the piece, might be entirely left out, and would not be allowed in a regular Comedy. There are indeed a great number of Dramatick entertainments, where are Scenes of this kind; but those pieces in reality are not Comedies, but five Act Farces.*

*Secondly, Let the Criticks consider only the nature of Farce, that it is made up of absurdities and incongruities, and that those pieces which have these Qualities in the greatest degree are the most Farces; and they will allow this to be so from the characters, and particularly from that of the speaking Ghost of an Embryo, in the conclusion of the first Act. I have 'tis true, Aristophanes' Authority for things of this sort in Comedy, who hath introduced a Chorus of Frogs, and made them talk in the following manner:*

Βρεκέκεκε, κοῦε, κοῦε,

Βρεκέκεκε, κοῦε, κοῦε,

Αλιμναῖα κρήνων τέκνα, &c.

*Mr. D'Urfey of our own nation has given all the fowls of the air the faculty of speech equal with the parrot. Swans and elbow chairs in the Opera of Dioclesian have danc'd upon the English Stage with good success. Shakèspear hath some characters of this sort, as a speaking wall, and Moon-*

## P R E F A C E.

*Moonshine* \*. The former he designed to introduce (as he tells us himself) with something rough cast about him, and the latter comes in with a lanthorn and candle; which in my opinion are characters that make a good figure in the modern Farce.

Thirdly, The sentiments are truly of the Farce kind, as they are the sentiments of the meanest Clowns convey'd in the pomp of numbers and rhyme; which is certainly forc'd and out of nature, and therefore Farcical.

After all I have said, I would have these Criticks only consider, when they object against it as a Tragedy, that I design'd it something of a Comedy; when they cavil at it as a Comedy, that I had partly a view to Pastoral; when they attack it as a Pastoral, that my endeavours were in some degree to write a Farce; and when they would destroy its character as a Farce, that my design was a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral: I believe when they consider this, they will all agree, that I have happily enough executed what I purpos'd, which is all I contend for. Yet that I might avoid the cavils and misinterpretations of severe Criticks, I have not call'd it a Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral, or Farce, but left the name entirely undetermined in the doubtful appellation of the What d'ye call it, which name I thought unexceptionable; but I added to it a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce, as it comprized all those several kinds of the Drama.

The judicious Reader will easily perceive, that the unities are kept as in the most perfect pieces, that the Scenes are unbroken, and Poetical Justice strictly observ'd; the Ghost of the Embryo and the Parish-Girle are entire new characters. I might enlarge further upon the conduct of the particular Scenes, and of the piece in general, but

\* See his *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

## P R E F A C E.

shall only say, that the Success this piece has met with upon the Stage, gives encouragement to our Dramatick Writers to follow its Model; and evidently demonstrates that this sort of Drama is no less fit for the Theatre than those they have succeeded in.



**Dramatis**

As with Midsummer Night's Dream

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Sir Roger	Mr. Miller.
Sir Humphry	Mr. Cross.
Justice Statute	Mr. Shepherd.
Squire Thomas, Sir Roger's Son, alias Thomas Filbert	Mr. Johnson.
Jonas Dock, alias Timothy Peascod	Mr. Penkethman.
Peter Nettle, the Sergeant	Mr. Norris.
Steward to Sir Roger	Mr. Quin.
Constable	Mr. Penroy.
Corporal	Mr. Weller.
Stave, A Parish-Clark.	
The Ghost of a Child unborn	Mr. Norris Junior.
Countrymen, Ghosts, and Soldiers.	

## W O M E N.

Kitty, the Steward's Daughter, alias Kitty Carrot	Mrs. Bicknell.
Dorcas, Peascod's Sister	Mrs. Willis Senior.
Joyce, Peascod's Daughter left up- on the Parish	Miss Younger.
Aunt	Mrs. Baker.
Grandmother.	

THE





T H E  
*WHAT D'YECALL IT:*  
A  
Tragi-Comi-Pastoral  
F A R C E.

---

SCENE, *A Country Justice's Hall, adorn'd  
with Scuttheons and Stag's Horns.*

*Enter Steward, Squire, Kitty, Dock, and others in  
Country Habits.*

S T E W A R D.



O, you are ready in your parts, and in your  
dress too, I see; your own best cloaths do  
the business. Sure never was Play and  
Actors so suited. Come, range yourselves  
before me, women on the right, and men  
on the left. Squire Thomas, you make a good figure.

*[The Actors range themselves.]*

SQUIRE.

144 *The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.*

SQUIRE.

Ay, thanks to *Barnaby's* Sunday cloaths; but call me *Thomas Filbert*, as I am in the Play.

STEWARD.

Chear up, daughter, and make *Kitty Carrot* the shining part: Squire *Thomas* is to be in love with you to night, girl.

KITTY.

Ay, I have felt Squire *Thomas's* love to my cost. I have little stomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into. [Aside.]

STEWARD.

*Jonas Dock*, dost thou remember thy name?

DOCK.

My name? *Jo—Jo—Jonas*. No—that was the name my Godfathers gave me. My play name is *Timothy Pea—Pea—Peascod*; ay, *Peascod*—and am to be shot for a deserter.

STEWARD.

And you *Dolly*?

DOLLY.

An't please ye, I am *Dorcas*, *Peascod's* sister, and am to be with child, as it were.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to take her up, as it were—I am the Constable.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to see *Tim* shot, as it were—I am the Corporal.

STEWARD.

But what is become of our sergeant?

DORCAS.

Why *Peter Nettle*, *Peter*, *Peter*. [Enter Nettle.]

NETTLE.

These stockings of *Susan's* cost a wounded deal of pains the pulling on: But what's a sergeant without red stockings?

DOCK.

DOCK.

I'll dress thee, *Peter*, I'll dress thee. Here, stand still, I must twist thy neckcloth; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion; but prithee don't look black in the face, man. [*Rolling his neckcloth.*] Thou must look fierce and dreadful. [*Making whiskers with a burnt cork.*] But what shall we do for a grenadier's cap?

STEWARD.

Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry; that is curiously painted before, and will make a figure.

NETTLE.

No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't: the Pope's mitre, that my master Sir Roger seiz'd, when they would have burnt him at our market town.

STEWARD.

So, now let ev'ry body withdraw, and prepare to begin the Play. [*Exeunt Actors.*] My daughter debauched! and by that booby Squire! well, perhaps the conduct of this Play may retrieve her folly, and preserve her reputation. Poor girl! I cannot forget thy tears.

Enter Sir Roger.

Sir ROGER.

Look ye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghost; nay, I will have a competence of ghosts. What, shall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghost? A Play without a ghost is like, is like,—i'gad it is like nothing.

STEWARD.

Sir, be satisfied; you shall have ghosts.

Sir ROGER.

And is the Play as I order'd it, both a Tragedy and a Comedy? I would have it a Pastoral too: and if you could make it a Farce, so much the better—and what

146 *The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.*

if you crown'd all with a spice of your Opera? You know my neighbours never saw a Play before; and d'ye see, I would shew them all sorts of Plays under one.

*S T E W A R D.*

Sir Roger, it is contriv'd for that very purpose.

*Sir R O G E R.* [Enter two Justices,

Neighbours, you are welcome. Is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a Play for us these *Christmas* holidays? [Exit Steward bowing.] — A rare headpiece! he has it here, i' faith, [Pointing to his own head.] But indeed, I gave him the hint — To see now what contrivance some folks have! We have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that ev'ry man talks in his own way! — and then we have made just three justices in the Play, to be play'd by us three justices of the *Quorum*.

*1 J U S T I C E.*

Zooks! — so it is; — main ingenious, — and can we sit and smoke at the same time we act?

*Sir R O G E R.*

Ay, ay, — we have but three or four words to say, — and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

*2 J U S T I C E.*

But how shall we know when we are to say these same words?

*Sir R O G E R.*

This shall be the signal — when I set down the tankard; then speak you, Sir *Humphry*, — and when Sir *Humphry* sets down the tankard, speak you, Squire *Statute*.

*1 J U S T I C E.*

Ah, Sir Roger, you are old dog at these things.

*2 J U S T I C E.*

To be sure.

*Sir*

Sir R O G E R.

Why neighbours, you know, experience, experience  
—I remember your *Harts* and your *Bettertons*—But  
to see your *Othello*, neighbours,—how he would rave  
and roar, about a foolish flower'd handkerchief!—and  
then he would groud so manfully,—and he would put  
out the light, and put the light out so cleverly! but  
hush—the Prologue, the Prologue.

[*They seat themselves with much ceremony at  
the table, on which are pipes and tobacco,  
and a large silver tankard.*]

## The PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman.

**T**H E entertainment of this night—or day,  
This something, or this nothing of a Play,  
Which strives to please all palates at a time,  
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhyme,  
This comic story, or this tragic jest,  
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best,  
May exercise your good, or your ill-nature,  
Move with distress, or tickle you with satire.  
All must be pleas'd too with their Parts, we think:  
Our maids have sweethearts, and their Worships drink;  
Criticks, we know, by antient rules may maul it;  
But sure Gallants must like—the What d'ye call it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,  
CONSTABLE, FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY,  
DORCAS, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT.*

*Sir ROGER.*

**H**ERE, *Thomas Filbert*, answer to your name,  
*Dorcas* hath sworn to you she owes her shame :  
Or wed her strait, or else you're sent afar,  
To serve his gracious Majesty in war.

*FILBERT.*

'Tis false, 'tis false—— I scorn thy odious touch.

*[Pushing Dorcas from him.]*

*DORCAS.*

When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

*KITTY.*

Ah, good your Worships, ease a wretched maid,  
To the right father let the child be laid.  
Art thou not perjur'd?—mark his harmless look.  
How canst thou, *Dorcas*, kiss the Bible book?  
Hast thou no conscience, dost not fear *Old Nick*?  
Sure sure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

*SERGEANT.*

Zooks! never wed, 'tis safer much to roam;  
For what is war abroad to war at home?  
Who wou'd not sooner bravely risk his life;  
For what's a cannon to a scolding wife?

*FILBERT.*

Well, if I must, I must—I hate the wench,  
I'll bear a musquet then against the French.

From



From door to door I'd sooner whine and beg,  
Both arms shot off, and on a wooden leg,  
Than marry such a trapes—No, no, I'll nor :  
—Thou wilt too late repent, when I am shot.  
But, *Kitty*, why dost cry?—

GRANDMOTHER.

———Stay, Justice, stay :

Ah, little did I think to see this day !  
Must Grandson *Fibbert* to the wars be prest ?  
Alack ! I knew him when he suck'd the breast,  
Taught him his catechism, the fescue held,  
And join'd his letters, when the bantling spell'd.  
His loving mother left him to my care.  
Fine child, as like his Dad as he could stare !  
Come *Candlemas*, nine years ago she dy'd,  
And now lies buried by the yew-tree's side.

AUNT.

O tyrant Justices ! have you forgot  
How my poor brother was in *Flanders* shot ?  
You prest'd my brother—he shall walk in white,  
He shall—and shake your curtains ev'ry night.  
What though a paultry hare he rashly kill'd,  
That cross'd the furrows while he plough'd the Field ?  
You sent him o'er the hills and far away ;  
Left his old mother to the parish pay,  
With whom he shar'd his ten pence ev'ry day.  
Was kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out ;  
You took the law of *Thomas* for a trout :  
You ruin'd my poor uncle at the sizes,  
And made him pay nine pounds for *Nisprises*.  
Now will you prest my harmless nephew too ?  
Ah, what has conscience with the rich to do !

[*Sir Roger takes up the Tankard.*

Though in my hand no silver tankard shine,  
Nor my dry lip be dy'd with claret wine,  
Yet I can sleep in peace——

N 2

Sir

150 *The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.*

*Sir R O G E R.* [*After having drunk.*

\_\_\_\_ Woman, forbear.

*Sir H U M P H R Y.* [*Drinking.*

The man's within the act—

*Justice S T A T U T E.* [*Drinking also.*

\_\_\_\_ The law is clear.

*S E R G E A N T.*

Haste, let their Worships orders be obey'd.

*K I T T Y.* [*Kneeling.*

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid.

Thus to your Worships on my knees I sue,

(A posture never known but in the pew)

If we can money for our taxes find,

Take that— but ah! our sweethearts leave behind.

To trade so barb'rous he was never bred,

The blood of vermine all the blood he shed :

How should he, harmless youth, how should he then

Who kill'd but poulcats, learn to murder men?

*D O R C A S.*

O *Thomas, Thomas!* hazard not thy life;

By all that's good, I'll make a loving wife :

I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,

I'll spin and card, and keep our children tight.

I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn;

If you earn test-pence, I my groat can earn.

How shall I weep to hear this infant cry?

[*her hand on her belly.*

He'll have no father— and no husband I.

*K I T T Y.*

Hold, *Thomas*, hold, nor hear that shameless witch :

I can sow plain-work, I can darn and stitch ;

I can bear sultry days and frosty weather ;

Yes, yes, my *Thomas*, we will go together ;

Beyond the seas together will we go,

In camps together, as at harvest, glow.

This

*The* WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 151

This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,  
I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed;  
There, while thou sleep'st, my apron o'er thee hold,  
Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.  
Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd, and shall I do  
That for the pigs, I would not bear for you?

FILBERT.

Oh, Kitty, Kitty, canst thou quit the rake,  
And leave these meadows for thy sweetheart's sake?  
Canst thou so many gallant soldiers see,  
And captains and lieutenants slight for me?  
Say, canst thou hear the guns, and never shake,  
Nor start at oaths that make a christian quake?  
Canst thou bear hunger, canst thou march and toil  
A long long way, a thousand thousand mile?  
And when thy Tom's blown up, or shot away,  
Then canst thou starve?—they'll cheat thee of my pay.

Sir ROGER. [Drinking.

Take out that wench—

Sir HUMPHRY. [Drinking.

But give her penance meet.

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also.

I'll see her stand—next sunday—in a sheet.

DORCAS.

Ah! why does nature give us so much cause  
To make kind-hearted lasses break the laws?  
Why should hard laws kind hearted lasses bind,  
When too soft nature draws us after kind?

N 4

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,  
FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY, GRANDMO-  
THER, AUNT, SOLDIER.*

SOLDIER.

Sergeant, the captain to your quarters sent;  
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went.  
Our Corp'ral now has the deserter found;  
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

SERGEANT. [To Filbert,  
Come, foldier, come—

KITTY.

— Ah! take me, take me too.

GRANDMOTHER:

Stay, forward wench;—

AUNT.

— What would the creature do?  
This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

KITTY.

Brew then she may herself, or wash or bake;  
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.  
O justice most unjust!—

FILBERT.

— O tyranny!

KITTY.

How can I part?—

FILBERT.

— Alas! and how can I?

KITTY.

O rueful day!—

FILBERT.

— Rueful indeed, I trow.

KITTY.

The WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 153

K I T T Y.

O woeful day!

F I L B E R T.

————— A day indeed of woe!

K I T T Y.

When gentlefolks their sweethearts leave behind,  
They can write letters, and say something kind;  
But how shall *Filbert* unto me endite,  
When neither I can read, nor he can write?

Yet, Justices, permit us e'er we part  
To break this ninepence, as you've broke our heart.

F I L B E R T. [*Breaking the Ninepence.*

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

K I T T Y. [*Joining the Pieces.*

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

[*She is drawn away on one side of the Stage by  
Aunt and Grandmother.*

Yet one look more —

F I L B E R T.

[*Haul'd off on the other side by the Sergeants.*

————— One more e'er yet wogo.

K I T T Y.

To part is death. —

F I L B E R T.

————— 'Tis death to part.

K I T T Y.

————— Ah!

F I L B E R T.

————— Oh!

N 5 SCENE

SCENE III.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, *Justice* STATUTE,  
and CONSTABLE.

Sir ROGER. [Drinking.  
See, constable, that ev'ry one withdraw.  
Sir HUMPHRY. [Drinking.  
We've business —  
*Justice* STATUTE. [Drinking also.  
——— To discuss a point of law.

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SCENE IV.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, *Justice* STATUTE.

*They seem in earnest discourse.*

Sir ROGER.  
I say the Press-act plainly makes it out.  
Sir HUMPHRY.  
Doubtless, Sir Roger. —  
*Justice* STATUTE.  
——— Brother, without doubt.  
*A Ghost rises.*  
1 GHOST.  
I'm Jeffry Cackle. — You my death shall rue;  
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

[Pointing to the *Justices*,

*Another Ghost rises.*

2 GHOST.

I'm Smut the farrier. — You my death shall rue;  
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

A



The WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 157

*A Woman's Ghost rises.*

3 G H O S T.

I'm Bess that hang'd myself for Smut so true;  
So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

*A Ghost of an Embryo rises.*

4 G H O S T.

I was begot before my mother married,  
Who whipt by you, of me poor child miscarried.

*Another Woman's Ghost rises.*

5 G H O S T.

It's mother I, whom you whipt black and blue;  
Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.

[All Ghosts shake their heads.]

SIR ROGER.

Why do you shake your mealy heads at me?  
You cannot say I did it—

BOTH JUSTICES.

—————No—nor we.

1 G H O S T.

All three—

2 G H O S T.

—————All three.—

3 G H O S T.

—————All three—

4 G H O S T.

—————All three—

5 G H O S T.

—————All three.—

A S O N G sung dismally by a G H O S T

Y E goblins, and fairys,  
Wish frisks and vagarys,  
Ye fairys and goblins,  
Wish hoppings and hobblings,

Conte

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*Come all, come all  
To Sir Roger's great hall.*

*All fairys and goblins,  
All goblins and fairys,  
With hoppings and hobblings,  
With frisks and vagarys.*

**CHORUS.**

*Sing, goblins and fairys,  
Sing, fairys and goblins,  
With frisks and vagarys,  
And hoppings and hobblings.*

*[The ghosts dance round the Justices, who  
go off in a fright, and the ghosts vanish.]*

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**ACT II. SCENE I.**

*A Field.*

**TIMOTHY PEASCOD** bound; **CORPORAL,**  
**SOLDIERS, and COUNTRYMEN.**

**CORPORAL.**

**S**TAND off there, countrymen, and you, the guard,  
Keep close your pris'ner—see that all's prepar'd.  
Prime all your firelocks—fasten well the stake.

**PEASCOD.**

'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake.  
O fellow-soldiers, countrymen and friends,  
Be wara'd by me to shun untimely ends:

**For**

For evil courses am I brought to shame,  
And from my soul I do repent the same.  
Oft my kind Grannam told me—*Tim*, take warning,  
Be good—and say thy pray'rs—and mind thy learning.  
But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime;  
I play'd at nine-pins first in sermon time:  
I rob'd the Parson's orchard next; and then  
(For which I pray forgiveness) stole —a hen.  
When I was press'd, I told them the first day  
I wanted heart to fight, so ran away;

[Attempts to run off, but is prevented.]

For which behold I die. 'Tis a plain case,  
'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

[The soldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.]  
Hold, hold, my friends;—nay, hold, hold, hold, I pray;  
They may go off—and I have more to say.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

Come, 'tis no time to talk——

2 COUNTRYMAN.

———Repent thine ill,

And pray in this good book.—— [Gives him a book.]

P E A S C O D.

———I will, I will:

Lend me thy handkercher——*The Pilgrim's pro---*

[Reads and weeps.]

(I cannot see for tears) *Pro-Progress---Oh!*

*The Pilgrim's Progress---eighth---edi-ti-on*

*Lon-don--prin-ted--for--Ni-cho-las Bod-dington:*

*With new ad-di-tions never made before,*

Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more.

[Drops the book.]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT.

SERGEANT.

What whining's this?—boys, see your guns well ramm'd.  
You dog, die like a soldier—and be damn'd.

FILBERT.

My friend in ropes!—

PEASCOD.

————— I should not thus be bound,  
If I had Means, and could but raise five pound.  
The cruel Corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,  
Five pounds, if rightly tiptr, would set me clear.

FILBERT.

Here—*Peascod*, take my pouch—'tis all I own.  
(For what is Means and Life when *Kitty's* gone!)  
'Tis my press-money—can this silver fail?  
'Tis all, except one sixpence spent in ale.  
This had a ring for *Kitty's* finger bought,  
*Kitty* on me had by that token thought.  
But for thy life, poor *Tim*, if this can do't;  
Take it, with all my soul—thou'rt welcome to't.

[Offers him his purse.]

1 COUNTRYMAN.

And take my fourteen pence---

2 COUNTRYMAN.

————— And my cramp-ring.

Would, for thy sake, it were a better thing.

3 COUNTRYMAN.

And master Sergeant, take my box of copper.

4 COUNTRYMAN.

And my wife's thimble.---

5 COUN-

The WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 139

COUNTRYMAN.

—And this 'bacco-stopper.

SERGEANT.

No-bribes. Take back your things---I'll have them not.

PEASCOD.

Oh! must I die?—

CHORUS of COUNTRYMEN.

—Oh! must poor Tim be shot!

PEASCOD.

But let me kiss thee first—

[Embracing Filbert.]

SCENE III.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

—Ah, brother Tim,

Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him.

He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;

In a white sheet poor I must stand at church.

O marry me---[To Filbert.] Thy sister is with child,

[To Tim]

And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguil'd.

PEASCOD.

Could'st thou do this? could'st thou—

[In anger to Filbert.]

SERGEANT.

—Draw out the men:

Quick to the stake; you must be dead by ten.

DORCAS.

Be dead! must Tim be dead!—

PEASCOD.

—He must---he must.

DORCAS.

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DORCAS.

Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst.  
—Hold, Sergeant, hold—yet e'er you sing the Psalms,  
Ah! let me ease my conscience of its qualms.  
O brother, brother! *Filbert* still is true,  
I foully wrong'd him—do, forgive me, do. [*To Filb.*  
The Squire betray'd me; nay,—and what is worse,  
Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,  
To swear the child to *Filbert*.——

PEASCOD.

——— What a Jew  
My sister is!—Do, *Tom*, forgive her, do. [*To Filb.*

FILBERT. [*kisses Dorcas.*

But see thy base-born child, thy babe of shame,  
Who left by thee, upon our parish came;  
Comes forthy bleiling——

SCENE IV.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUN-  
TRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, DOR-  
CAS, JOYCE.

PEASCOD.

——— Oh! my sins of youth!  
Why on the haycock didst thou tempt me, *Ruth*?  
O save me, Sergeant;—how shall I comply?  
I love my daughter so—I cannot die.

JOYCE.

Must father die! and I be left forlorn?  
A lack a day! that ever *Joyce* was born?  
No grandfire in his arms e'er dandled me,  
And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.  
They said, if ever father got his pay,  
I should have two-pence ev'ry market day.

PEASCOD.



PEASCOD.

Poor child; hang sorrow, and cast care behind thee,  
The parish by this badge is bound to find thee.

[*Pointing to the badge on her arm.*]

JOYCE.

The parish finds indeed—but our church-wardens  
Feast on the silver, and give us the farthings.  
Then my school-mistress, like a wixen Turk,  
Maintains her lazy husband by our work:  
Many long tedious days I've worsted spun;  
She grudg'd me victuals when my task was done.  
Heav'n send me a good service! for I now  
Am big enough to wash, or milk a cow.

PEASCOD.

O that I had by charity been bred!  
It then had been much better—taught than fed.  
Instead of keeping nets against the law,  
I might have learnt accounts, and sung *Sol-fa*.  
Farewel, my child; spin on, and mind thy book,  
And send thee store of grace therein to look.  
Take warning by thy shameless Aunt; lest thou  
Should'st o'er thy bastard weep—as I do now.  
Mark my last words—an honest living get,  
Beware of Papishes, and learn to knit.

[*Dorcas leads out Joyce sobbing and crying.*]

---

SCENE V.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, RILBERT.

RILBERT.

Let's drink before we part—for sorrow's dry—  
To Tim's safe passage—

[*Takes out a brandy-bottle, and drinks.*]

I. COUN.

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1 COUNTRYMAN.

\_\_\_\_\_ 'll drink too.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

\_\_\_\_\_ And I.

PEASCOD.

Stay, let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor.

[Drinks.

—When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker;

[They lead him to the stake.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

He was a special ploughman—

[Sighing.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

\_\_\_\_\_ Harrow'd well!

3 COUNTRYMAN.

And at our maypole ever bore the bell!

PEASCOD.

Say, is it fitting in this very field,

Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd;

This field, where from my youth I've been a carter,

I, in this field, should die for a deserter!

FILBERT.

'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard!—

SERGEANT.

\_\_\_\_\_ Zooks, here's a pother.

Strip him; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

PEASCOD.

[Distributing his things among his friends.

Take you my 'bacco-box—my neckcloth, you.

To our kind Vicar send this bottle-skew.

But wear these breeches, Tom; they're quite bran-new.

FILBERT.

Farewel—

1 COUNTRYMAN.

\_\_\_\_\_ B'ye, Tim.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

\_\_\_\_\_ B'ye, Tim.

3 COUN-

The WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 163

3 COUNTRYMAN.

Adieu

4 COUNTRYMAN.

Adieu.

*[They all take their leave of Peascod by shaking hands with him.]*

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SCENE VI.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, to them a SOLDIER in great haste.

SOLDIER.

Hold—why so furious, Sergeant? by your leave, Untye the pris'ner—see, here's a reprieve.

*[Shows a paper.]*

CHORUS of COUNTRYMEN. *[Huzzaing.]*  
A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve!

*[Peascod is unt'y'd, and embraces his friends.]*

---

SCENE VII.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE.

Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there.

SERGEANT.

For what?—

CONSTABLE.

—For stealing gaffer Gap's grey mare.

*[They seize the Sergeant.]*

PEAS-

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PEASCOD.

Why, heark ye, heark ye, friend; you'll go to pot.  
Would you be rather hang'd—hah!—hang'd or shot?

SERGEANT.

Nay, hold, hold, hold—

PEASCOD.

Not if you were my brother.

Why, friend, should you not hang as well's another?

CONSTABLE.

Thus said Sir *John*—the law must take its course;

'Tis law that he may 'scape who steals a horse.

But (said Sir *John*) the statutes all declare,

The man shall sure be hang'd—that steals a mare.

PEASCOD. [*to the Sergeant.*]

Ay—right—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

He shall be hang'd—that's certain; and good cause.

A rare good sentence this—how is't?—the laws

No—not the laws—the statutes all declare,

The man that steals a mare shall sure—be—hang'd,

No, no—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

[*Exit Sergeant guarded, Countrymen, &c. huzzaing after him.*]

---

S C E N E VIII.

KITTY, *with her hair loose*, GRANDMOTHER,  
AUNT, HAYMAKERS, CHORUS of SIGHTS  
and GROANS.

KITTY.

Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks, and you

Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:

And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,

Giv'n by my mother in my younger years:

With thee the toils of full eight springs I've known.

'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown;

On

The WHAT D'YE CALL IT 165

On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,  
While Tom gaz'd on me, propt upon his fork:  
Farewel, farewel; for all thy task is o'er,  
Kitty shall want thy service now no more.

[Flings away the rake.]

CHORUS of SIGHS and GROANS.

Ah—O!—Sure never was the like before!

K I T T Y.

Happy the maid, whose sweetheart never hears  
The soldier's drum, nor writ of Justice fears.  
Our bans thrice bid! and for our wedding day  
My kerchief bought! then press'd, then fore'd away!

CHORUS of SIGHS and GROANS.

Ah! O! poor soul! alack! and well a day!

K I T T Y.

You, *Bess*, still reap with *Harry* by your side;  
You, *Jenny*, shall next *Sunday* be a bride:  
But I forlorn!—This ballad shews my care;

[Gives Susan a ballad.]

Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair;  
*Susan* can sing—do you the burthen bear.

A B A L L A D.

I.

**T**WAS when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind;

A damsel lay deploring,

All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the rolling billows

She cast a wistful look;

Her head was crown'd with willows

That tremble o'er the brook.

II. Twelve

## II.

Twelve months are gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious days.  
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the seas?  
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,  
 And let my lover rest:  
 Ah! what's the troubled motion  
 To that within my breast?

## III.

The merchant, rob'd of pleasure,  
 Sees tempests in despair;  
 But what's the loss of treasure  
 To losing of my dear?  
 Should you some coast be laid on  
 Where gold and diamonds grow,  
 You'd find a richer maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.

## IV.

How can they j.ry that nature  
 Has nothing made in vain;  
 Why then beneath the water  
 Should hideous rocks remain?  
 No eyes the rocks discover,  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.

## V.

All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;  
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear;  
 When, o'er the white wave floating,  
 His floating corpse she spy'd;  
 Then like a lilly drooping,  
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

KITTY.



The WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 167

K I T T Y.

Why in this world should wretched Kitty stay?  
What if these hands should make my self away?  
I could not sure do otherways than well.  
A maid so true's too innocent for hell.  
But hearkye, Cis—*[Whispers and gives her a penknife.]*

A U N T.

————— I'll do't—'tis but to try  
If the poor soul can have the heart to die.  
*[Aside to the Haymakers.]*  
Thus then I strike— but turn thy head aside.

K I T T Y.

'Tis shameless sure to fall as pigs have dy'd.  
No—take this cord— *[Gives her a cord.]*

A U N T.

————— With this thou shalt be sped.  
*[Putting the noose round her neck.]*

K I T T Y.

But curs are hang'd.—

A U N T.

————— Christians should die in bed.

K I T T Y.

Then lead me thither; there I'll moan and weep;  
And close these weary eyes in death.

A U N T.

————— or sleep. *[Aside.]*

K I T T Y.

When I am cold, and stretch'd upon my bier,  
My restless sprite shall walk at midnight here:  
Here shall I walk—for 'twas beneath yon tree  
*Filbert* first said he lov'd—lov'd only me.

*[Kitty faints.]*

G R A N D M O T H E R.

She swoons, poor soul—help, Dolly.

A U N T.

168 *The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.*

AUNT.

\_\_\_\_\_ She's in fits.  
Bring water, water, water. \_\_\_\_\_ [Screaming.

GRANDMOTHER.

\_\_\_\_\_ Fetch her wits.  
[They throw water upon her.

KITTY.

Hah!—I am turn'd a stream—look all below;  
It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.  
The meads are all afloat—the haycocks swim.  
Hah! who comes here!—my *Filbert*! drown not him.  
Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains,  
Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk, and honey moun-  
tains.

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SCENE IX.

KITTY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, HAYMA-  
KERS, FILBERT.

KITTY.

It is his ghóft—or is it he indeed?  
Wert thou not sent to war? hah, dost thou bleed?  
No—'tis my *Filbert*.

FILBERT. [embracing her.

\_\_\_\_\_ Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he,  
*Dorcas* confess'd, the Justice set me free.  
I'm thine again. \_\_\_\_\_

KITTY.

\_\_\_\_\_ I thine \_\_\_\_\_

FILBERT.

\_\_\_\_\_ Our fears are fled.  
Come, let's to Church, to Church. \_\_\_\_\_

KITTY.

\_\_\_\_\_ To wed.

FILBERT.

*The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.* 169

FILBERT.

—————To bed.

CHORUS of HAYMAKERS.

A wedding, a bedding; a wedding, a bedding.

[*Exeunt all the Actors.*]

Sir ROGER.

Ay, now for the wedding. Where's he that plays the Parson. Now, neighbours, you shall see what was never shewn upon the London stage.—Why, heigh day! what's our Play at a stand?

*Enter a Countryman.*

COUNTRYMAN.

So, please your worship, I should have play'd the Parson, but our Cúrate would not lend his gown, for he says it is a profanation.

Sir ROGER.

What a scrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing.

[*The Justices assent by nods and signs.*]

*Enter Stave the parish-Clark.*

STAVE.

Master Doctor saith he hath two and twenty good reasons against it from the Fathers, and he is come himself to utter them unto your Worship.

Sir ROGER.

What, shall our Play be spoil'd? I'll have none of his reasons—call in Mr. Inference.

*Stave goes out, and re-enters.*

STAVE.

Sir, he saith he never greatly affected stage Plays.

[*WITHIN.*]

*Stave, Stave, Stave.*

Sir ROGER.

Tell him that I say—

[*WITHIN.*]

*Stave, Stave.*

O

Sir

170 *The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.*

*Sir ROGER.*

What, shall the Curate controul me? have not I the presentation? tell him that I will not have my Play spoil'd; nay, that he shall marry the couple himself—I say, he shall.

*Stave goes out, and re-enters.*

*S T A V E.*

The steward hath perswaded him to join their hands in the parlour within—but he saith he will not, and cannot in conscience consent to expose his character before neighbouring gentlemen; neither will he enter into your worship's hall; for he calleth it a stage *pro tempore*.

*Sir HUMPHRY.*

Very likely: The good man may have reason.

*Justice S T A T U T E.*

In troth, we must in some sort comply with the scrupulous tender conscienc'd doctor.

*Sir ROGER.*

Why, what's a Play without a marriage? and what is a marriage, if one sees nothing of it? Let him have his humour—but set the doors wide open, that we may see how all goes on.

*[Exit Stave.]*

*[Sir Roger at the door pointing.]*

So natural! d'ye see now, neighbours? the ring i-faith. To have and to hold! right again—well play'd, doctor; well play'd, Son Thomas. Come, come, I'm satisfy'd—now for the fiddles and dances.

*Enter Steward, Squire Thomas, Kitty, Stave, &c*

*S T E W A R D.*

Sir Roger, you are very merry.

*So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,*

*The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.*

I wish you joy of your Play, and of your daughter. I had no way but this to repair the injury your son had done my child—she shall study to deserve your favour.

*[Presenting Kitty to Sir Roger.]*

*Sir*

*The WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 171*

*Sir ROGER.*

Married! how married! can the marriage of *Filbert* and *Carrot* have any thing to do with my son?

*STEWART.*

But the marriage of *Thomas* and *Katherine* may, *Sir Roger*.

*Sir ROGER.*

What a plague, am I trick'd then? I must have a stage Play, with a pox!

*Sir HUMPHRY.*

If this speech be in the play, remember the tankard, *Sir Roger*.

*Squire THOMAS.*

Zooks, these stage plays are plaguy dangerous things—but I am no such fool neither, but I know this was all your contrivance.

*Justice STATUTE.*

Ay, *Sir Roger*, you told us it was you that gave him the hint.

*Sir ROGER.*

Why blockhead! puppy! had you no more wit than to say the ceremony? he should only have married you in rhyme, fool.

*Squire THOMAS.*

Why, what did I know, ha? but so it is—and since murder will out, as the saying is; look ye, father, I was under some sort of a promise too, d'ye see—so much for that—If I be a husband, I be a husband, there's an end on't.—sure I must have been married some time or other.

*[Sir Roger walks up and down fretting, and goes out in a passion.]*

*Sir HUMPHRY.*

In troth, it was in some sort my opinion before; it is good in law.

172 *The* **WHAT D'YE CALL IT.**

*Justice* **S T A T U T E.**

Good in law, good in law—but hold, we must not  
lose the Dance.

**A D A N C E.**

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## **E P I L O G U E.**

**S T A V E.**

*Our stage Play has a moral—and no doubt  
You all have sense enough to find it out.*



**E P I S T L E S**



ot

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*EPISTLES*

ON

Several Occasions.

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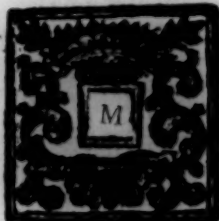




E P I S T L E  
T O A  
L A D Y.

---

*Occasion'd by the Arrival of HER  
ROYAL HIGHNESS.*



ADAM, to all your censures I sub  
mit,  
And frankly own I should long  
since have writ:  
You told me, silence would be  
thought a crime,  
And kindly strove to teaze me into  
rhyme:

No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,  
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy;  
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,  
But sing the glories of the *British* court:

By your commands and inclination sway'd,  
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid;

176 EPISTLE to a LADY.

Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,  
And to the Princess thus the Poem rose.

*Aid me, bright Phœbus; aid, ye sacred Nine;  
Exalt my Genius, and my verse refine.*

*My strains with Carolina's name I grace,  
The lovely parent of our royal race.*

*Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waves in silence sleep;  
Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,  
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,  
To waft her gently o'er the wary way.*

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous pray'r,  
To rein the winds, and guard the royal Fair;  
Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,  
And call'd the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,  
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:  
I then resolv'd some model to pursue,  
Perus'd French Criticks, and began anew.  
Long open panegyrick drags at best,  
And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Strait, Horace for some lucky Ode I sought:  
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought:  
This new performance to a friend I show'd;  
For shame, says he, what, imitate an Ode!  
I'd rather ballads write, and Grubstreet lays,  
Than pillage Casar for my patron's praise:  
One common fate all imitators share,  
To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.  
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit  
Rhymes, similies, Lord's names, and ends of wit;  
In blotted stanzas scraps of Odes expire,  
And fustian mounts in Pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inscrib'd my lay,  
And writ a letter in familiar way:  
For still impatient till the Princess came,  
You from description wish'd to know the dame.

Each

Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,  
For still new graces open'd to my view.  
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,  
And then I thus pursu'd the growing scheme.

Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,  
And charms are emanations of the mind;  
The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,  
Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame:  
Benevolence her conversation guides,  
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.  
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,  
As softens English to Italian sound:  
Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,  
As charm the judgment, while they sooth the ear.

Religion's chearful flame her bosom warms,  
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.  
Henceforth, ye Fair, at chappel mind your pray'rs,  
Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;  
Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,  
Nor most devoutly criticize on dress.

From her form all your characters of life,  
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.  
Oft have I seen her little infant train,  
The lovely promise of a future reign;  
Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning grace,  
And all the mother op'ning in their face,  
The son shall add new honours to the line,  
And early with paternal virtues shine;  
When he the tale of Audenard repeats,  
His little heart with emulation beats;  
With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,  
He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.  
Each year with arts shall store his rip'ning brain,  
And from his Grandfire he shall learn to reign.

Thus far I'd gone: Propitious rising gales  
Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails,

178 EPISTLE to a LADY.

Fair *Carolina* lands; the cannons roar  
 White *Albion's* cliffs resound from shore to shore,  
 Behold the bright original appear,  
 All praise is faint when *Carolina's* near.  
 Thus to the nation's joy, but Poet's cost,  
 The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were baulk'd, my last resort,  
 I left the Muses to frequent the Court;  
 Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,  
 To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;  
 Enquir'd what news, or such a Lady's name,  
 And did the next day, and the next, the same.  
 Places, I found, were daily giv'n away.

And yet no friendly Gazzette mention'd *Gay*.  
 I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;  
 He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.  
 Another ask'd me, why I had not writ:  
 A Poet owes his fortune to his wit.

Strait I reply'd, With what a courtly grace,  
 Flows easy verse from him that has a place!  
 Had *Virgil* ne'er at court improv'd his strains;  
 He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;  
 And had not *Horace* sweet preferment found,  
 The *Roman* lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely guise I sung,  
 And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.  
 Oh, teach me now to strike a softer strain!  
 The Court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,  
 And with each Patriot's name prolong your verse.  
 But sure this truth to Poets should be known,  
 That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,  
 To some distinguish'd Lord I must address;  
 One whose high virtues speak his noble blood;  
 One always zealous for his country's good;

Where



Where valour and strong eloquence unite,  
In council cautious, resolute in fight;  
Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend,  
And patronize the man that wants a friend.  
You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron shown,  
But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,  
That writing was my method to succeed;  
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,  
That scarce I could produce a single strain:  
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,  
Without connection as without design.  
One morn upon the Princess this I writ,  
An Epigram that boasts more truth than wit.

*The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,  
She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:  
For this, on earth, the British crown is giv'n,  
And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.*

Again, while *GEORGE*'s virtues rais'd my  
thought,  
The following lines prophetick fancy wrought.

*Methinks I see some Bard, whose heav'nly rage  
Shall rise in song, and warm a future age;  
Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace  
The glorious series of the Brunswick race.*

*From the first GEORGE these godlike kings descend,*

*A line which only with the world shall end.  
The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in arms,  
And bless'd, long bless'd in Carolina's charms;  
From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace,  
We plow the fields, and reap the year's increase:  
Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her head,  
And bids Britannia's fleets their canvas spread;  
Unnumber'd ships, the peopled ocean hide,  
And wealth returns with each revolving tide.*

Here

180 *EPISTLE to a LADY.*

Here paus'd the sullen Muse, in haste I dress'd,  
And through the croud of needy courtiers press'd;  
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see,  
Those eyes that glad a nation, shine on me.



*EPISTLE*



## EPISTLE II.

To the Right Honourable the  
EARL of BURLINGTON.

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### *A Journey to EXETER.*



W H I L E you, my Lord, bid stately piles  
ascend,  
Or in your *Chiswick* bow'rs enjoy your  
friend;  
Where *Pope* unloads the boughs within  
his reach,

The purple vine, blue plumb, and blushing peach;  
I journey far—You knew fat Bards might tire,  
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire;

'Twas on the day that city dames repair  
To take their weekly dose of *Hide-Park* air;  
When forth we trot: no carts the road infest,  
For still on *Sundays* country horses rest.  
Thy gardens, *Kensington*, we leave unseen;  
Through *Hammer-smith* jog on to *Turnham-green*:  
That *Turnham-green*, which dainty pigeons fed,  
But feeds no more: for \* *Solomon* is dead.

\* *A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-*  
*green,*

Three dusty miles reach *Brandford's* tedious town,  
 For dirty streets, and white-leg'd chickens known :  
 Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,  
 We come, where *Thames* divides the meads of *Stanes*.  
 We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood  
 Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.  
 Prepar'd for war, now *Bagshot-Heath* we cross,  
 Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss.  
 At *Hartley-Row* the foaming bit we prest,  
 While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.  
 Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,  
 Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,  
 Relates the Justices late meeting there;  
 How many bottles drank, and what their cheer ;  
 What Lords had been his guests in days of yore,  
 And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep :  
 The morning rose ; but we lay fast asleep.  
 Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,  
 And *Popham-Lane* was scarce in sight by one :  
 The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,  
 'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold ;  
 That gold which had in *London* purchas'd gowns,  
 And sent her home a *Belle* to country towns.  
 But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood :  
 Here unown'd infants find their daily food ;  
 For should the maiden mother nurse her son,  
 'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.  
 Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,  
 Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.  
 Be just, ye Prudes, wipe off the long arrear ;  
 Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

*Sutton* we pass, and leave her spacious down,  
 And with the setting sun reach *Stockbridge* town.  
 O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,  
 And the red dainty trout our knife divides,

Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears;  
 What, no Election come in seven long years?  
 Of all our race of Mayors, shall *Snow* alone  
 Be by Sir *Richard's* dedication known?  
 Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,  
 Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded  
 plain,

Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train:  
 No leafy bow'rs a noonday shelter lend,  
 Nor from the chilly dews at night defend;  
 With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,  
 And by the sun informs you what's a clock.  
 How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days?  
 No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays:  
 From her no list'ning ecchos learn to sing,  
 Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,  
 See *Sarum's* steeple o'er yon hill ascend;  
 Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,  
 And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.  
 Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire  
 The proud Cathedral, and the lofty spire?  
 What sempstrefs has not prov'd thy scissars good?  
 From hence first came th' intriguing ridinghood.  
 Amid \*three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses,  
 Shall three knights errant starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,  
 And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day.  
 The morning rose; the supper reck'ning paid,  
 And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,  
 The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,  
 And as we mount, our halfpence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair *Dorchester* o'erlooks,  
 Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.

\* *There are three boarding-schools in this town.*

Here

Here sleep my two companions eyes supprest,  
 And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest :  
 I weary sit, and with my pencil trace  
 Their painful postures, and their eyeless face ;  
 Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,  
 And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.  
 Now o'er true *Roman* way our horses sound,  
*Stravins* would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.  
 On either side low fertile valleys lye,  
 The distant prospects tire the trav'ling eye.  
 Through *Bridport's* stony lanes our rout we take,  
 And the proud steep descend to *Morcombe's* lake.  
 As heres pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pail,  
 And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.  
 On unadulterate wine we here regale,  
 And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,  
 And *Axminster* affords a kind repose.

The maid, subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,  
 And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.

Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,  
 While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.

If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,  
 Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night !

We rise, our beards demand the barber's art ;  
 A female enters, and performs the part.

The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,  
 And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck :

Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,  
 Soft as when *Venus* stroak'd the beard of *Jove*.

Now from the steep, midst catter'd cotts and groves,  
 Our eye through *Honiton's* fair valley roves.

Behind us soon the busy town we leave,  
 Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.

Now swelling clouds roll'd on, the rainy load  
 Stream'd down our hats, and smoak'd along the road ;

When



When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,  
 Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;  
 For sure a civil host the house commands,  
 Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,  
*This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;*  
*Here is for horses hay, and meat for man.*  
 How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame  
 Know his own gen'us, and direct his flame!  
 Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearse,  
 Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.  
 But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,  
 Perhaps a Distich might not strain his wit;  
 If Epigram offend, his harmless lines  
 Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.  
 Then *Hobbinol* might propagate his bays,  
 And *Tuttle-fields* record his simple lays;  
 Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes,  
 While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies.  
*Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,*  
*For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet.*  
 Then *Maurus* in his proper sphere might shine,  
 And these proud numbers grace great *William's* sign.  
 \* *This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom*  
*I nam'd the brave deliverer to come.*  
 But now the driving gales suspend the rain,  
 We mount our steeds, and *Devon's* city gain.  
 Hail, happy native land! — but I forbear,  
 What other Countries must with envy hear.

\* *Prince Arthur, Book 5.*





# *EPISTLE* III.

To the Right Honourable

*WILLIAM PULTENEY*, Esq;



*PULT'NEY*, methinks you blame my  
breach of word;

What, cannot *Paris* one poor page  
afford?

Yes, I can sagely, when the times are  
past,

Laugh at those follies which I strove to  
taste,

And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,

Pleas'd with meer talking, since I talk to you.

But how shall I describe in humble prose,

Their Balls, Assemblies, Operas and Beaus?

In prose, you cry! Oh no, the Muse must aid,

And leave *Parnassus* for the *Tuilleries*'s shade;

Shall he (who late *Britannia*'s city trod,

And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,

Through dirty lanes, and alley's doubtful ways)

Refuse to write, when *Paris* asks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,

In all the colours of the rainbow shine,

Let:

Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,  
Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn,  
So may ye Balls and gay Assemblies grace,  
And at the Opera claim the foremost place.

Trav'lers should ever fit expression chuse,  
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.  
When they describe the state of eastern Lords,  
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;  
And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,  
Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide;  
But they, unmindful of Poetick rules,  
Describe alike Mockaws, and great Moguls.  
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satyr,  
Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-Maitre*.

*In Paris, there's a race of animals,  
(I've seen them at their Operas and Balls)  
They stand erect, they dance when-e'er they walk,  
Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;  
They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,  
And, like camellions, daily change their hue;  
From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,  
And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces,  
This custom, as we visibly discern,  
They, by frequenting Ladies toilettes, learn.  
Thus might the trav'ler easy truth impart,  
Into the subject let me nobly start!*

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,  
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!  
On him the Ladies cast the yielding glance,  
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance;  
While wretched is the Wit, condemn'd, forlorn,  
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;  
No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,  
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;  
No Lady's favour on his sword is hung.  
What, though *Apollo* dictate from his tongue,

His

His wit is spiritless and void of grace,  
 Who wants th<sup>e</sup> assurance of brocade and lace;  
 While the gay fop genteely talks of weather,  
 The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;  
 Like a Court Lady though he write and spell,  
 His minuet step was fashion'd by \* *Marcell*;  
 He dresses, fences. What avails to know?  
 For women chuse their men, like silks, for show.  
 Is this the thing, you cry, that *Paris* boasts?  
 Is this the thing renown'd among our Toasts?  
 For such a flutt'ring sight we need not roam;  
 Our own Assemblies shine with these at home.

Let us into the field of beauty start;  
 Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.  
 Think not, ye Fair, that I the Sex accuse:  
 How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?  
 (The Muses all are *Prudes*) she rails, she frets,  
 Amidst this sprightly nation of *Coquettes*;  
 Yet let not us their loose coquett'ry blame;  
 Women of ev'ry nation are the same.

You ask me, if *Parisian* dames, like ours,  
 With rattling dice prophane the *Sunday's* hours;  
 If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,  
 And stake their honour while their husbands sleep.  
 Yes, Sir; like *English* Toasts, the dames of *France*  
 Will risque their income on a single chance.  
*Nannette* last night at tricking *Pharaon* play'd,  
 The cards the *Taillier's* sliding hand obey'd,  
 To day her neck no brilliant circle wears,  
 Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.  
 Why does old *Chloris* an Assembly hold?  
*Chloris* each night divides the sharper's gold.  
*Corinna's* cheek with frequent losses burns,  
 And no bold *Trente la va* her fortune turns.

\* A famous dancing-master.

Ah,

Ah, too rash virgin ! where's thy virtue flown ?  
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.  
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,  
Whose debts of honour are so duely paid ?

But let me not forget the *Toilette's* cares,  
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs :  
This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace ;  
*Madame* to day puts on her Opera face ;  
From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom,  
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room :  
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,  
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale !  
Not but that *France* some native beauty boasts,  
*Clermont* and *Charolois* might grace our Toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,  
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods,  
Then *Totenham* fields with roving beauty swarm,  
And *Hampstead* balls the city virgin warm,  
Then *Chelsea* meads o'erhear perfidious vows,  
And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.  
'Tis here the same ; but in a higher sphere,  
For ev'n Court Ladies sin in open air.  
What *Cic* with a gallant would trust his spouse  
Beneath the tempting shade of *Greenwich* boughs ?  
What Peer of *France* would let his Dutches's rove,  
Where *Boulogne's* closest woods invite to love ?  
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,  
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.  
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,  
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain ?  
On *Ghloe's* lap here *Damon* lay'd along,  
Melts with the languish of her am'rous song ;  
There *Iris* flies *Palamon* through the glade,  
Nor trips by chance——'till in the thickest shade ;  
Here *Celimene* defends her lips and breast,  
For kisses are by struggling closer prest ;

*Alexis*

*Alexis* there with eager flame grows bold,  
 Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;  
 Be wise, *Alexis*; what, so near the road!  
 Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!  
 Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,  
 When am'rous *Charles Britannia's* scepter bore;  
 The nightly scene of joy the *Park* was made,  
 And Love in couples peopled ev'ry shade.  
 But since at Court the rural taste is lost,  
 What mighty summs have velvet couches cost!  
 Sometimes the *Tuillierie's* gawdy walk I love,  
 Where I through crouds of rustling manteau's rove,  
 As here from side to side my eyes I cast,  
 And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that past,  
 Sudden a sop steps forth before the rest;  
 I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.  
 He thus accosts me with familiar air,  
*Par bien! vn a fait cet habit en Angleterre!*  
*Quelle manche! ce ga'on est grossièrement rangé;*  
*Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!*  
 This said: On his red heel he turns, and then  
 Humms a soft minuet, and proceeds agen.  
*Well; now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own*  
*Your boasted London seems a country town;*  
*Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?*  
*Are churches built? Are Masquerades in fashion?*  
*Do daily Soupes your dinners introduce?*  
*Are musick, snuff, and coaches yet in use?*  
 Pardon me, Sir; we know the *Paris* mode,  
 And gather *Politesse* from Courts abroad.  
 Like you, our Courtiers keep a num'rous train  
 To load their coach; and tradesmen dun in vain.  
 Nor has Religion left us in the lurch,  
 And, as in *France*, our vulgar croud the Church;  
 Our Ladies too support the Masquerade,  
 The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade.

Strait



Strait the vain fop in ign'rant rapture cries,  
 Paris the barbarous world will civilize!  
 Pray Sir, point out among the passing band,  
 The present Beauties who the town command.  
 See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,  
 Mark in her eye demure the Prude profess;  
 That frozen bosom native fire must want,  
 Which boasts of constancy to one Gallant!  
 This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,  
 Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;  
 The necklace Florio's gen'rous flame bestow'd,  
 Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load;  
 But now, her charms grow cheap by constant use,  
 She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and shoes.  
 This next, with sober gait and serious leer,  
 Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning prayer;  
 She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,  
 But with three Abbots in one night engages.  
 This with the Cardinal her nights employs,  
 Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.  
 Why have I promis'd things beyond my power!  
 Five assignations wait me at this hour,  
 The sprightly Countess first my visit claims,  
 To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.  
 Pardon me, Sir; that thus I take my leave,  
 Gay Florimella sily twitch'd my sleeve.

Adieu, Monsieur----The Opera hour draws near.  
 Not see the Opera! all the world is there;  
 Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of France  
 In bright array attract the female glance:  
 This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,  
 And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But hark! the full Orchestra str ke the strings:  
 The Hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,  
 Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.

Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisie throat,  
 That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.  
 Pray Sir, says I, suspend a while your song,  
 The Opera's drown'd ; your lungs are wondrous strong;  
 I wish to hear your *Roland's* ranting strain,  
 While he with rooted forests strows the plain.  
 Sudden he shrugs surprize, and answers quick,  
*Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique.*  
 Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise;  
 And the loud Chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O sooth me with some soft *Italian* air,  
 Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!  
 When *Anastasia's* voice commands the strain,  
 The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein;  
 Thought stands suspence, and silence pleas'd attends,  
 While in her notes the heav'nly Choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a *Frenchman* grown,  
 Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,  
 So strongly with this prejudice possess'd,  
 He thinks *French* musick and *French* painting best.  
 Mention the force of learn'd *Corelli's* notes,  
 Some scraping fidler of their Ball he quotes;  
 Talk of the spirit *Raphael's* pencil gives,  
 Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;  
 Yes Sir, says he, in colour and design,  
*Rigaut* and *Raphael* are extreamly fine!

'Tis true his country's love transports his breast  
 With warmer zeal, than your old *Greeks* profess.  
*Ulysses* lov'd his *Ishaca* of yore,  
 Yet that sage trav'ler left his native shore;  
 What stronger virtue in the *Frenchman* shines!  
 He to dear *Paris* all his life confines.  
 I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,  
 Things which might inake me love my country less.  
 I should not think my *Britain* had such charms,  
 If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms;

France

*France* has her *Richlieus* and her *Colberts* known,  
And then, I grant it, *France* in science shone:  
We too, I own, without such aids may chance  
In ignorance and pride to rival *France*.

But let me not forget *Corneille*, *Racine*,  
*Boileau's* strong sense and *Moliere's* hum'rous Scene:  
Let *Cambray's* name be sung above the rest,  
Whose maxims, *Pult'ney*, warm thy patriot breast;  
In *Mentor's* precepts wisdom strong and clear  
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.  
Hear all ye Princes, who the world controul,  
What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's soul;  
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust.  
To be a King, is to be good and just;  
His people he protects, their rights he saves,  
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy shall the monarch reign,  
Where guardian laws despotick power restrain!  
There shall the plough-share break the stubborn land,  
And bending harvests tire the peasant's hand,  
There liberty her settled mansion boasts,  
There commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.  
O *Britain*, guard thy laws, thy rights defend,  
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You'll think 'tis time some other theme to chuse,  
And not with *Beaus* and *Fops* fatigue the Muse:  
Should I let *Satyr* loose on *English* ground,  
There fools of various character abound;  
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,  
All *Frenchmen* are of *Petit-maitre* kind.



# EPISTLE IV.

To the Right Honourable

PAUL METHUEN, Esq;



YES, I'll maintain what you have often said,  
That 'tis encouragement makes Science  
spread;  
True gen'rous Spirits prosp'rous vice de-  
test,  
And love to cherish vertue when distrest:  
But e'er our mighty Lords this scheme pursue,  
Our mighty Lords must think and act like you.  
Why must we climb the *Alpine* mountain's sides  
To find the seat where Harmony resides?  
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,  
The cheerful haut-boy, and the mellow flute?  
'Tis not th' *Italian* clime improves the sound,  
But there the Patrons of her sons are found.  
Why flourish'd verse in great *Augustus*' reign?  
He and *Mecænas* lov'd the Muse's strain.  
But now that wight in poverty must mourn  
Who was (O cruel stars!) a Poet born.

Yet

Yet there are ways for authors to be great;  
 Write ranc'rous libels to reform the State:  
 Or if you chuse more sure and readier ways,  
 Spatter a Minister with fulsome Praise;  
 Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;  
 Fear not, all Men are dedication-Proof.  
 Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,  
 Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.  
 He, who his pen in party quarrels draws,  
 Lifts a hir'd bravo to support the cause;  
 He must indulge his Patron's hate and spleen;  
 And stab the fame of those he ne'er has seen.  
 Why then should authors mourn their desprate case?  
 Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.  
 Why art thou poor? exert the gifts to rise,  
 And banish tim'rous vertue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told  
 That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:  
 Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,  
 And fancy learning starves because they're poor.  
 Yet why should learning hope success at Court?  
 Why should our Patriots vertue's cause support?  
 Why to true merit should they have regard?  
 They know that vertue is its own reward.  
 Yet let not me of grievances complain,  
 Who (though the meanest of the Muse's train)  
 Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,  
 And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting, why she loves *Hesperian* air.  
 Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there:  
 There in rich palaces I reign in state,  
 And on the temple's lofty domes create.  
 The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,  
 They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, *Kent*, forego thy native land,  
 To emulate in picture *Raphael's* hand?

Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?  
 Go back, adorn the palaces of *Rome*;  
 There on the walls let thy just labours shine,  
 And *Raphael* live again in thy design.  
 Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,  
 For *Burlington* unbyas'd knows thy worth;  
 His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace  
*Titian's* strong fire and *Guido's* softer grace;  
 But, oh consider, e'er thy works appear,  
 Canst thou unhurt the tongue of envy hear?  
 Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent  
 To blast the laurels of the Eminent.

While *Burlington's* proportion'd columns rise,  
 Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?  
 Doors, windows are condemn'd by passing fools,  
 Who know not that they damn *Palladio's* rules.  
 If *Chandois* with a lib'ral hand bestow,  
 Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;  
 When, if the motive right were understood,  
 His daily pleasure is in doing good.

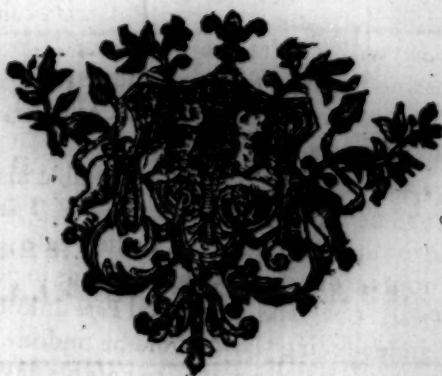
Had *Pope* with groveling numbers fill'd his page,  
*Dennis* had never kindled into rage.

'Tis the sublime that hurts the Critic's ease;  
 Write nonsense and he reads and sleeps in peace.  
 Were *Prior*, *Congreve*, *Swift* and *Pope* unknown,  
 Poor slander-selling *Curll* would be undone.  
 He who would free from malice pass his days,  
 Must live obscure, and never merit praise.  
 But let this tale to valiant virtue tell  
 The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,  
 Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.  
 The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace,  
 Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race,  
 What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you sing!  
 And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.



The lark, who scorn'd soft flatt'ry, thus replys,  
True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;  
Yet let me pass my life from envy free,  
For what advantage are these gifts to me?  
My song confines me to the wiry cage,  
My flight provokes the faulcon's fatal rage.  
But as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,  
To shoot at crows is powder flung away.



P/O F M 2

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